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CHISLEHURST,

JUNE, 1879.

"Purpureos spargam flores." . . .

LONE empress, childless widow, whose sad heart

Knows its own bitterness — and hardly knows —

Death darting on thee with redoubled blows,
And soul-benumbing smart ;

Alone between two memories of past hours ;
Man has no word for pangs like thine ! — yet we

For child and sire take up the dirge, to thee
Bringing our tears for flowers.

For he to France gave wealth, with peace,
of yore,
And glory, till success and years unnerved
His soul, and from the wiser self he swerved ;
And flattering friends, the sore

Which cankers single rule, and that first blot —

A crown of violence compass'd — work'd their will,

And Nemesis on the fatal frontier-hill
Changed in one hour his lot,

Empire for exile : and his head he bow'd
With no unmanly grief ; while party hate
Fanatic, o'er his final wreck elate,
And the foul city crowd

Spat forth the venom of its seething scum
On the crush'd, broken-hearted chieftain, — all
He wrought for France forgotten in his fall !
France of the days to come,

Heedless : the hell-fire baptism, and the red
Ravin through all her streets ; the rebel bands
Kindling their pile with suicidal hands,
And blood in frenzy shed.

Land of light memories ! enterprises light !
Success alone constrains thy pride to bow !
Ungrateful France ! thine idols crowning now,
Now burning in thy spite !

O yet, this day, fair France ! while she apart
The widow-mother sits in tearless woe,
Thy better self, thy nobler nature show,
Thy generous ancient heart !

This hope was hers, this only hope ! And now !

Past Itelezi, on Edutu's plain,
The wasted life-blood waits the winter's rain,
Earth's natural tears. But thou,

Marcellus of thy race, in youth hast fled,
Loyal to France and God, — too young — too brave !

Whilst we — vain gift ! — with violets crown
the grave
Of the loved, honor'd dead.

Examiner.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

"THINE THEY ARE."

ON the shore the wavelets lapping,
Eddy, babbling as they run,
Dancing, racing, whispering,
Laughing, sparkling in the sun.

Strays of seaweed in they carry,
Tiny shells and pebbles bright,
Place them gently on the sand-beach,
Then quick turn and slip from sight.

Children carrying wooden shovels,
Holding dainty frocks on high,
Brown and fair legs, slim and sturdy
Boys and girls come pattering by.

And the wavelets run to meet them,
Singing, "Come, oh ! come and play.
All our treasures we will show you —
Only, please, don't go away."

So the children answer gaily,
With advance and mock retreat,
And the ripples splash and gurgle,
Kissing all their pearly feet.

Out at sea long waves are rising,
Round, dull, foam-capped now and then,
And a coble laboring through them
Homeward brings three toil-worn men.

Weary with their bitter struggle —
Sixteen hours of constant strain,
Eighty miles of ocean battling,
Scanty daily bread to gain.

And the restless ocean angers
As the night falls o'er the land ;
And the crested breakers thunder
Now four deep across the strand.

Anxious grew the tired faces,
"Give the tiller to my hand,"
Said the old man, "she *must* pass them,
Or we never more shall land."

Down came the brown sail creaking,
Springing forward with a bound ;
Up the foam flew and inwrapped her,
'Mid the waters boiling round.

Five long minutes, then the coble,
Quivering, trembling, safely lies
At her mooring, 'neath the Corbin,
From the storm-beridden skies.

Happy wee ones ! rippling wavelets !
Toiling men, and raging seas !
All are children of one Father,
And live out his great decrees.

Good Words.

E. GARNETT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

GRAY AND HIS SCHOOL.

A REMARK is every now and then made about Gray by somebody who has just been reading his charming letters. Gray, it is announced, was one of the first prophets of the true faith, or, as others call it, the modern superstition, of which mountains are the temples and Alpine clubs form the congregations. Their creed may be compressed into the single article that a love of mountains is the first of the cardinal virtues. To that doctrine, with some slight reservations, I yield a very hearty assent and consent; and I am glad to reckon Gray amongst its sound adherents. A mountainous country alone, he says, can furnish truly picturesque scenery. His early enthusiasm for the Chartreuse, his admiration in later years of the vale of Keswick and the pass of Killiecrankie, are symptoms of an orthodoxy creditable, because rarer in his time than our own. But, though Gray shared the sentiment which was then growing up, it would be absurd to attribute to him any influence in its propagation. His descriptive letters are admirable, and show that he had a true eye for scenery; but they were not published till after his death, and certainly his "Life and Writings," clipped and docked by the precise Mason, was not the kind of book to generate a new enthusiasm. The real glory of revealing to mankind the new pleasure must be given — so far as it can be given to any individual writers — to men like Rousseau, whose passionate rhetoric made the love of nature a popular watchword, and Saussure, who first showed a thorough appreciation of the glories of the Alps. But in England, and not in England alone, even Rousseau was, in this respect, eclipsed by Ossian. The general estimate of those singular poems, considered as descriptive of a mountainous region, coincides, I imagine, with that of Wordsworth. The mountains of Ossian are mere daubs, vague abstractions of mist and gloom, gigantesque unrealities which speak of anything but first-hand impressions of actual scenery. You may read through Ossian — if you can read through it at all — without gaining any more distinct impressions of Highland scenery than

you would have received in the Highlands themselves any time since last November. But the extraordinary influence of Ossian upon the minds of MacPherson's contemporaries is a matter of history. When Goethe went to Switzerland, he evidently considered it the correct thing to have passages from Ossian at his fingers' ends for application to the Alps; it was the mountaineer's text-book, to be quoted in Switzerland as a later generation quoted Byron or the present the writings of Mr. Ruskin. Gray was one of the earliest enthusiasts, and, though he had a critical quail or two, was apparently more moved by the new poems than by any literary event of his time. He is "*extasié* with their infinite beauty," makes "a thousand inquiries" about their authenticity, and in one letter declares himself to be "cruelly disappointed" with the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," and able to admire nothing but Fingal. He studies Croma (who now knows Croma even by name?), and picks out the finest phrase in it as though he were criticising a book of the Iliad.

The Ossian fever was symptomatic of a widely-spread sentiment or fashion, due to causes far more general than the influence of any individual. It would be easy enough to show that worshippers of the picturesque had discovered the chief beauties of England before Grey wrote his letters. The tourist was already abroad. When Gray visited Gordale Scar, in Craven, he already found landscape painters settled at the neighboring inn and preparing views for the engraver. The reader of that maddest of books, "John Bunce," may remember that the hero contrives at one place to emerge out of a mysterious cavern in the mountains of Westmoreland. He observes on the occasion that the vale of Keswick is considered to offer the finest views in England, and that they were, in truth, finer than even the Rev. Dr. Dalton had been able to make them appear in his descriptive poem. Yet Bunce thinks that Keswick is surpassed by the "shaded fells" in the neighborhood (apparently) of Ambleside, and that the cascades there are superior to "dread Lodore." The "Rev. Dr. Dalton" appears to have published his poem — a poem, I am sorry to say,

unfamiliar to me — in 1755, some years before Gray's visit. But it is needless to enlarge upon this point. It is clear enough, from many symptoms, that the love of picturesque scenery was becoming fashionable in the middle of the century, and that Gray, as a man of taste, was amongst the first to feel the impulse.

The whole matter is, perhaps, of less importance than is sometimes attached to it. There is, after all, a good deal in Macaulay's common-sense explanation of the phenomenon — that a love of mountain scenery means simply the formation of good roads and comfortable inns in mountain districts. But Gray's taste in this respect is at least significant as to Gray's own position. His contempt for Rousseau and his love of Ossian are inversions of the judgment of later times; for no one would now deny the power of Rousseau, or find much pleasure — unless possessed by some antiquarian or patriotic mania — in the epics of the mythical bard. And yet we can see that Gray represents a vein of sentiment allied to some modern modes of thought, and generally regarded as antipathetic to the spirit of his own time. With all his popularity he appears to be an isolated phenomenon. Everybody knows his poetry by heart. The "Elegy" has so worked itself into the popular imagination that it includes more familiar phrases than almost any poem of equal length in the language. "The Bard" and the lines upon Eton have become so hackneyed as perhaps to acquire a certain tinge of banality. If few English poets have written so little, none certainly has written so little that has fallen into oblivion. And yet, though Gray is in this sense the most popular poet of his day, though he is more read than Young, or Thompson, or Collins, or Goldsmith, or many others, we do not think of him as stamping his image upon the time. He stands apart. His poetry is taken to be like an oasis in the desert; it is a sudden spring of perennial freshness gushing out in the midst of that dreary, didactic, argumentative, monotonous current of versification poured forth by the imitators of Pope. He never used Pope's measure for serious purposes, except in one fine fragment — the least read of his

poems — and is, as it were, an outsider in the literature of the time. And yet, again, it must be remembered that Wordsworth picked him out for special condemnation as the worst offender in the use of conventional language. He definitely accepted and has enlarged upon the theory which Wordsworth attempted to upset — that poetry should use a language differing from that of common life. Indeed, he gets upon stilts as deliberately and consciously as any poet of the day, and is nervously sensitive to the risk of a lapse into the vernacular.

It would be easy to give a paradoxical turn to these remarks, and to show how Gray was at once the opponent and the representative of the poetical creed of his day. The puzzle, such as it is, arises from our habit of absurdly exaggerating the difference between ourselves and our grandfathers, and speaking as if everybody was "artificial" in the reign of Pope and "natural" in the reign of Wordsworth. No two words in the language cover more confusion of thought than those famous phrases. It would be easy enough to twist them so as to prove that Wordsworth was more artificial than Pope, quite as clearly as the opposite is so often demonstrated; and, for my part, I am fully convinced that there was just as much human nature and as little affectation in the days of Queen Anne as in those of Victoria or in those of Elizabeth. The contrast usually drawn has, I doubt not, an important meaning; but it is so obscured by the vague talk about "nature" that I never see the word without instinctively putting myself on my guard against some bit of slipshod criticism or sham philosophy. I heartily wish that the word could be turned out of the language. Though that, alas! is impossible, we may try to avoid the misleading associations which it continually introduces. Gray, at any rate, was a human being who liked looking at trees and hills as much as anybody does now; and he certainly succeeded in writing some verses which concentrate into a couple of pages a depth of genuine emotion such as would furnish whole volumes of modern verbiage. It is another question whether he ought to be called a natural or an artificial poet.

In the first place, however, it may be observed that Gray was not so solitary a phenomenon as we might at first sight fancy. He never entered the circle of literary men who lived in London, and who, in the later part of his career, acknowledged Johnson as their dictator. He shrank from the roughness of the "great bear," who, in his turn, seems to have despised Gray as a literary fop—a finikin and affected spinner of verses, who tried to be grand and succeeded only in being pompous and obscure. Gray, in his quiet cloister, led the life of a recluse and followed his own fancies with little direct reference to the public opinion of accepted dispensers of literary reputation. But no man is really independent of his time, and Gray had his allies and his followers. Amongst them were men still worth remembering, though all of them, like Gray himself, stood more or less apart from the main current of literature. In one of his early letters he speaks of the "Odes" just published by two young authors, who "both deserve to last some years, but will not." Collins, the first of these, has lasted, though destined to an early death, and scarcely more voluminous than Gray himself. Collins, like Gray, was sensitive and solitary, though in a still more morbid degree. It is recorded of him—and I know of no similar case except that of Landor in regard to "Pericles and Aspasia"—that he repaid his publisher for the loss incurred by his "Odes." It is, perhaps, not irrelevant to add that his mind soon gave symptoms of approaching imbecility. The other young poet was Joseph Warton, still remembered for his essay on Pope, the elder brother of Thomas Warton, the historian of poetry; and the two brothers were the heads of what was once called the school of the Wartons. The "school" was not a very large one, and the poems of both the brothers—though Thomas is held to be better than Joseph—are not amongst the things that have lasted. The influence of the Wartons, however, was very conspicuous in reviving the study of the earlier models of our literature. Joseph tried to persuade the world—unsuccessfully at the time—that Pope was inferior to Spenser; and his brother's his-

tory is a considerable landmark in that revival of interest in poetical antiquities indicated by such works as Percy's "Reliques," or by the forgeries of Chatterton and MacPherson. I might have quoted Joseph Warton's earliest poem (1740) to show that what is called the love of nature was by no means a novelty when Gray went to the lakes. It is enough to give the title—"The Enthusiast; or, The Lover of Nature"—and to observe that Warton wishes to seat himself on a "pine-top precipice, abrupt and shaggy," and to listen to "Boreas' blasts" and the sounds of "hollow winds and ever-beating waves," in the most approved romantic fashion. Both brothers, too, have a taste for the "moss-grown spire and crumbling arch;" and Tom's best sonnet—one much admired by Lamb—is written on a blank leaf of Dugdale's "Monasticon," and expresses his delight in surveying the records of "cloister'd piety"—

Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

In another he wishes to know whether "his pipe can aught essay to reach the ear" of that "divine bard" Mr. Gray, for whose "Elegy" and "Bard" he expresses the warmest admiration.

The similarity of taste shown by the Wartons and Gray does not appear to have led to personal intercourse. They were divided by that broad, though to the outward world invisible, gulf which still separates Oxford from Cambridge. Gray's most enthusiastic disciple, Mason, had come under his influence at Cambridge, and his first performance led to a passage of arms with Tom Warton. Mason attacked the Jacobitism of Oxford in a poem called "Isis," stating, of course in a purely poetical sense, that Oxford men held "infernal orgies" to the foes of freedom. Warton replied in verses which Mason admitted to be better than his own. Modesty, however, was not Mason's strong point. Years afterwards, when riding into Oxford, he remarked that he was glad that it was already dark; otherwise, as he intimated, a mob would naturally have gathered to avenge his insults to the university. Mason's odes and choruses are so

obviously an echo of Gray's that one is rather surprised to find Gray praising them in language which implies that he was not aware of his responsibility. Mason himself was cordially proud of the relationship, though he took amazing liberties as an editor of his master's letters, and occasionally gave himself airs of equality, or even patronage, which strike one as a little absurd. A more distant, but perhaps still more enthusiastic, admirer of Gray was Beattie, whose early odes (which he judiciously endeavored to suppress) are feeble echoes than Mason's of the same model, and who reverently submitted his best poem, "The Minstrel," to Gray's correction, and, more wonderful to relate, accepted one or two of his critic's emendations. And, finally, we must include in the school of Gray the man whose levity and coxcombry has blinded many readers to his very remarkable ability. Horace Walpole, who quarrelled with Gray, as with many others of his friends, for a time, and who, unlike Gray, was thoroughly immersed in the central current of London society, was no poet, but was in thorough sympathy with Gray's antiquarian tastes, and by "The Castle of Otranto" and the sham Gothic of Strawberry Hill did more than profounder antiquarians to restore an interest in mediæval art.

The names thus brought together, to which others might of course be added, give a sufficient indication of the general tendencies of what I have called the school of Gray. They did not form a clique, like most schools, for they lived in remote regions, and most of them showed the touchiness and even sensibility which is rubbed off by the friction of large societies. Tom Warton, who was certainly sociable enough in a fashion, was buried at Oxford for nearly fifty years. Gray was so secluded in his Cambridge cloister that the young men made a rush to see him in later years — leaving their dinners, it is said, but that is scarcely credible — when he appeared by some rare accident in the college walks. Beattie stuck with equal persistence to his college in Aberdeen, and could not be induced even to take a professorship in Edinburgh, being afraid, apparently, that his "Essay on Truth" would expose him to unpleasantness from the more metropolitan circle which admired and respected his antagonist Hume. The alarm, indeed, was more reasonable than Mason's alarm about Oxford, for the essay was not only vehement in its abuse, but had succeeded in making a great stir in the world. Mason, again, fixed himself

in his Yorkshire living and his canonry, emerging only at intervals to pay a few visits to his aristocratic friends. And even Walpole made a kind of sham cloister at Strawberry, and, though a man of the world, a gossip, and a politician, was as irritable and uneasy a companion as the most retired of hermits. The great movements of thought generally spread, it is supposed, from the metropolitan centres, where intellectual activity is stimulated by the constant collision of eager and excited minds. But a new taste may make its appearance in the corners to which sensitive men retire from the uncongenial atmosphere of the world, and cultivate at their ease what is first an individual crotchet and afterwards develops into a fashionable amusement.

Gray, beyond all doubt, was the one man of genius of the school after the early death of Collins, for it would be strained to give a higher name than talent even to Horace Walpole's remarkable intellectual vivacity. Tom Warton's biographer (it is impossible to speak of Thomas) has drawn an elaborate parallel, in the proper historical fashion, between his hero and Gray. They were both dons, professors, students of antiquities, lovers of nature and of the romantic, composers of odes, and so forth. The parallel contains a good deal of truth, but it is consistent with an amusing contrast. Tom Warton was the thoroughly jovial, undignified don of the period. His poetry — even if his "Triumph of Isis" be superior to Mason's "Isis," and his sonnets deserve some praise in a century barren of sonnets — is not generally refreshing; the poor man had to construct some of those fanciful pieces of verse which laureates in those days were bound to manufacture for the sovereign's birthday, and one cannot glance at them (nobody can read them) without profound sympathy. But his humorous verses have still a pleasant ring about them. There is a contagion in the enthusiasm with which he celebrates the virtues of Oxford ale. When he imagines himself discommuned for his indulgence, and unable even to get longer "tick" at the pothouse, he daringly compares himself to Adam exiled from Paradise. In another poem we have the characteristic triumph of the steady don, who has stuck to a bachelor life, over the misguided victim to matrimony and a college living. Thus will the poor fellow lament as butcher's bills and school fees become heavier year by year: —

Why did I sell my college life
(He cries) for benefice and wife?

Return, ye days when endless pleasure
I found in reading or in leisure,
When calm around the common room
I puffed my daily pipe's perfume,
Rode for a stomach, and inspected
At annual bottlings corks selected,
And din'd untaxed, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder !

These of course are youthful productions; but, if all tales be true, the tastes described did not die out. Once, it is said, Warton's presence was required on some grand public function. The professor was not to be found till an ingenious person suggested that a drum and a fife should be sent through the streets performing a jovial and Jacobite tune; and before long the sweet notes enticed Warton from a public-house, pipe in mouth and with rumpled bands, to be miserably deceived in his hopes of fun. More creditable, and apparently more authentic, anecdotes relate how he took part in the boyish pranks of his brother's pupils at Winchester, and once at least composed a copy of Latin verses for a youthful companion, and insisted upon taking the half-crown which had been offered as a reward for their excellence before the mild imposture was detected.

Most men grow tired of pipes and ale and the jolly bachelor life of common rooms soon after they have put on their master's hood. In the old days, before commissions and reform, when the universities were more frequently regarded as a permanent retreat for men who could find a pipe a sufficient substitute for a wife, such jolly fellows as Warton formed a larger part of the college society. Most of them, however, were duller dogs than Tom Warton, who, with all his enjoyment of such heavy festivities, managed to write some laborious books. A proud, fastidious, and exquisitely sensitive man like Gray looked upon the whole scene with infinite contempt and scorn. It does not appear to be very clearly made out why he should have resided permanently at Cambridge, except for the sake of the libraries. Apparently he had resented some of Walpole's supercilious conduct, and possibly conduct which deserves a harsher name; for it is said that Walpole opened a letter addressed to Gray in the expectation of finding some disrespectful notice of himself. Anyhow, Gray erased Walpole from his list of friends, though he consented to resume acquaintanceship. He might previously have condescended to accept some of the appointments which Walpole could have easily procured during his father's ministry. But the father was turned out

of office whilst the son was a discarded friend, and Gray, unwilling to enter the struggle of professional life, settled down at the university, though he always regarded it and its inhabitants with unqualified contempt. Gray — as his letters prove — had a very keen sense of humor, and when he chose could put a very sharp edge to his tongue. He let his fellow-residents know that he thought them fools — an opinion which they were perverse enough to resent. The poem with which he greeted Cambridge on first returning from his travels, headed a "Hymn to Ignorance," is a curious contrast to Warton's enthusiastic "Triumph of Isis."

Hail, horrors, hail ! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye Gothic fanes and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud —

is the opening of his uncomplimentary address to his *alma mater*. "At the very time," says Parr, in that style of delicious pomposity which smells of his immortal wig, "in which Mr. Gray spoke so contemptuously of Cambridge, that very university abounded in men of erudition and science, with whom the first scholars would not have disdained to converse; and who shall convict me of exaggeration when I bring forward the names" of the immortal so-and-so? The names include, it is true, some which have still a right to respect — Bentley, Waterland, and Conyers Middleton, for example — but the most eminent were just dead or dying when Gray came into residence, and dignified heads of houses, like Bentley and Waterland, were in a seventh heaven of dignity, quite inaccessible to the youthful poet. It does not now appear that it can ever have been a great privilege to live in the same town with "Provost Snape," "Tunstall the public orator," or "Asheton of Jesus." Gray knew something of Middleton (who died in 1750, when Gray was thirty-four), and speaks of his house as the only one in Cambridge where it was easy to converse; and he takes care to add that even Middleton was only an "old acquaintance," which is but an indifferent likeness of a friend. He made a few intimacies — chiefly with younger men, like Mason, who soon ceased to be residents — but the bulk of the university was in his eyes contemptible; and, on the whole, contemporary evidence would lead to the conclusion that his opinion was not far wrong. Cambridge had possessed very eminent men in the days of Bentley, Newton, Waterland, Sherlock, and Middleton, and it has had

very eminent men at a later period, but Gray was himself almost the only man in the middle of the eighteenth century whom anybody need care to remember now. At any rate, there was a large proportion of that ale-drinking, tobacco-smoking element amongst the jolly fellows of the combination room, whose society Warton might relish, but whom Gray regarded with supreme contempt. The fellow-commoners appear by his account to have exceeded in audacity the young gentlemen who lately exhibited their sense of playful humor by defacing certain statues at Oxford. The wits of an earlier day put poor Gray in fear of his life. He ordered a rope ladder, to be able to escape from his rooms in case they set the college on fire; and, if I remember the tradition rightly, they set a "booby trap" for the poet, and, raising an alarm, induced him to descend his rope ladder into a water-butt. Anyhow, poor Gray was driven from Peterhouse to Pembroke, and there abstracted his mind from the academical noises by a course of study which, according to his admirers (but who shall answer for the admirers?), made him profoundly familiar with every branch of learning except mathematics. Meanwhile his appearance and manners were calculated to emphasize and provoke the mutual dislike between himself and his rougher surroundings. His rooms were scrupulously neat, with mignonette in the windows and flowers elegantly planted in china vases; he spoke little in general society, and compiled biting epigrams or classical puns with a derisory application to his special associates. In short, in outward appearance he belonged to the class fop or *petit-maitre*, mincing, precise, affected, and as little in harmony with the rowdy fellow-commoners as Hotspur's courtier with the rough soldiers on the battle-field.

The want of harmony between Gray and his surroundings goes far to explain his singular want of fertility. In fact, we may say — without any want of respect for a venerable institution — that Gray could hardly have found a more uncongenial residence. Cambridge boasts of its poets; and a university may well be proud which has had, amongst many others, such inmates as Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, and Mr. Tennyson. If a sceptic chooses to ask what share the university can claim in stimulating the genius of those illustrious men, the answer might be difficult. But, in any case, no poet except Gray loved his university well enough to become a resident. If it were not for Gray I should be

inclined to guess that a poet don was a contradiction in terms. The reason is very obvious to any one who has enjoyed the latter title. It is simply that no atmosphere can be conceived more calculated to stimulate that excessive fastidiousness which all but extinguished Gray's productive faculties. He might wrap himself in simple contempt for the ale-drinking vanity of don. He could, in the old college slang, "sport his oak" and despise their railings, and even the shouts of "Fire!" of the worthy fellow-commoners. But a poet requires some sympathy and, if possible, some worshippers. The inner circle of Gray's intimates was naturally composed of men fastidious like himself, and all of them more or less critics by profession. The reflection would be forced upon his mind, whenever he thought of publishing, What will be thought of my poems by Provost Snape, and Mr. Public-Orator Tunstall, and Asheston of Jesus, and those other luminaries whom Dr. Parr commemorates? And undoubtedly their first thought would be to show their claim to literary excellence by picking holes in their friend's compositions. They would rejoice greatly when they could show that faculties sharpened by the detection of false quantities and slips of grammar in their pupils' Latin verses were equal to the discovery of solécisms and defective rhymes in the work of a living poet. Gray's extreme sensitiveness to all such quillots of criticism is marked in every poem he wrote. Had he been forced to fight his way in literature he would have learned to swallow his scruples and take the chance in a free give-and-take struggle for fame. In a country living he might have forgotten his tormentors and have married a wife to secure at least one thoroughly appreciative and intelligent admirer. But to be shut up in a small scholastic clique, however little he might respect their individual merits, to have the chat of combination rooms ever in his ears, to be worried by bands of professional critics at every turn, was as though a singing bird should build over a wasp-nest. The "Elegy" and the "Odes" just struggled into existence, though much of them was written before he settled down as a resident; but Gray, like many another don of great abilities, finished but a minute fragment of the work of which he more or less contemplated the execution. The books contemplated but never carried out by men in his position would make a melancholy and extensive catalogue. The effect of these influences upon his work is

palpable to every reader of Gray. No English poet has ever given more decisive proof that he shared that secret of clothing even an obvious thought in majestic and resounding language, which we naturally call Miltonic. Though he modestly asserts that he inherits

Nor the pride nor ample pinion
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,

yet we feel that none of his contemporaries — perhaps none of his successors — could have equalled, in dignity and richness of style, the noble passage in which that phrase occurs. And yet we must also feel that if his "car," as he says of Dryden's, is borne by "coursers of ethereal race," they are constantly checked before they can get into full career. He takes flight as if the azure deep were the natural home in which he could sail suspended like the eagle without perceptible effort. But the wings droop before they are well unturled, and the magnificent strain ceases without giving the promised satisfaction. Even the "Elegy" flags a little towards the end; the "hoary-headed swain" becomes rather flat in his remarks, and the concluding epigraph has just a little too much twang of epigrammatic smartness. I fully agree, indeed, with Wolfe that it was a far greater achievement to write the "Elegy" than to storm the heights of Abram, and, for my part, hold that only a soldier, or author, or civilian of ultra-military enthusiasm could suppose that such a comparison involved condescension on the side of the general. Gray and his personal admirers seem to have been annoyed at the preference given to this above his other writings. It proved, so he argued, that the stupid public cared for the subject instead of the art; that they liked the "Elegy" as they liked Blair's "Grave," and would have liked it as well if the same thoughts had been expressed in prose. Undoubtedly the public will always refuse to make that distinction between form and matter which seems so important to the critical mind. It is not, however, that they are unaffected by the artistic skill, but that they are affected unconsciously. The meditations of Blair, of Young, and of Hervey, equally popular in their day, have fallen into disrepute for want of the inquisitive felicity of language which has preserved the "Elegy." It is a commonplace thing to say that the power of giving freshness to commonplace is amongst the highest proofs of poetical genius. One reason is,

apparently, that it is so difficult to extract the pure and ennobling element from the coarser materials in which any obvious truth comes to be embedded. The difficulty of feeling rightly is as great as the difficulty of finding a worthy utterance of the feeling. Everybody may judge of the difficulty of Gray's task who will attend to what passes at a funeral. On such an occasion one is inclined to fancy, *a priori*, mourners will drop all affectation and speak poetically because they will speak from their hearts; but, as a matter of fact, there is no occasion on which there is generally such a lavish expenditure of painful and jarring sentiment, of vulgarity, affectation, and insincerity; and thus Gray's meditations stand out from other treatments of a similar theme not merely by the technical merits of the language, but by the admirable truth and purity of the underlying sentiment. The temptation to be too obtrusively moral and improving, to indulge in inappropriate epigram, in sham feeling, in idle sophistry, in strained and exaggerated gloominess, or even on occasion to heighten the effect by inappropriate humor, is so strong with most people that Gray's kindness and delicacy of feeling, qualities which were perceptible to the despised public, must be regarded as contributing quite as much to the success of the "Elegy" as the technical merits of form, which, moreover, can hardly be separated from the merits of substance.

Indeed, when we come to the other odes which have similar qualities of mere style, we are at no loss to explain the difference of reception. The beautiful "Ode upon Eton," for example, comes into conflict with one's common sense. We know too well that an Eton boy is not always the happy and immaculate creature of Gray's fancy; and one feels that the reflections upon his probable degradation imply a fit of temporary ill-humor in the poet, supervening, no doubt, upon a deeper vein of melancholy. The sentiment is too splenetic to be pleasing. "The Bard," which has, I suppose, been recited by schoolboys as frequently as the "Elegy," is a more curious indication of the peculiarities of Gray's method of composition. Mason gives an account of the remarkable transformation which it underwent. Gray's first intention, it appears, was that the bard should declare prophetically that poets should never be wanting "to celebrate true virtue and valor in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression." Undoubtedly this gives a meaning to the

ode worthy of the beginning. The victim could not make a more effective retort. But, unluckily, when the bard had got into full swing it struck him that the facts were not what his theory required. Shakespeare, says Mason, liked Falstaff in spite of his vices; Milton censured tyranny in prose; Dryden was a court parasite; Pope, a Tory; and Addison, "though a Whig," was a poor poet. The poor bard was therefore in the miserable position—one of the most wretched known to humanity—of a man who has begun a fine speech and does not see his way out of it. If Gray had taken a wider view of the poet's true function, he might still have found some embodiment for his thoughts; for English poetry, though it may not have been Whiggish, may certainly be regarded as the fullest expression of the more liberal and humanizing conceptions of the world which have to struggle against the pedantry and narrowness of prosaic professional theorists. But the bard required sound Whig poetry to point his moral, and it was not forthcoming. Consequently he has to take refuge in the very scanty consolation afforded by the bare reflection that Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton would begin to write some time after the descendants of a Welshman had ascended the throne. One would not grudge any satisfaction to an unfortunate gentleman just about to commit suicide; but one must admit that he was easily pleased.

This want of any central idea converts the ode into a set of splendid fragments of verse, which scarcely hold together. Contemporary critics complained grievously of its "obscurity"—a phrase which seems ill-placed to us who know by experience what obscurity may really mean. An obscurity removable by a slight knowledge of English history and a recollection of the fact that Richard II. is said to have been starved instead of stabbed, as in Shakespeare, by Exton, is not of a very grievous kind; but the absence of any intelligible motive in the bard's final rapture is more serious. A poet surely might have acted upon the *tant pis pour les faits* theory, and proceeded to make his general assertion without waiting for confirmatory evidence. A writer who, like Gray, secretes his poetry line by line and spreads the process over years, seems to fall into the same faults which are more frequently due to haste. He pores over his conceptions so long that he becomes blind to defects obvious to a fresh observer, and rather misses his point, as he introduces minute altera-

tions without noticing their effect on the context. One wonders how a man of Gray's exquisite perception could have introduced the lines—

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear—

without seeing that we are only saved by a comma and a comma easily neglected, from assuming that a Julia Pastrana would have been a usual phenomenon at the court of Elizabeth. Correction continued after the freshness of the impression has died away is apt to lead to such oversight.

The learned and fastidious don shows through the inspired "bard" by many equally unmistakable indications. His editor, Mitford, collected a number of parallel passages which curiously indicate the degree in which his mind was saturated with recollections of poetical literature. It seems to be now considered as unjustifiable plagiarism for a poet to assimilate the phrases of his predecessors. We may, indeed, find abundant proofs of familiarity with Shakespeare in Shelley, and in more recent writers; but they are generally of the unconscious kind, and would be avoided as sins against originality. The poets of the last century, such as Goldsmith, and especially Pope, had no scruples in the matter. Their work did not profess to be a sudden and spontaneous inspiration. It was a slow elaboration, with which it was perfectly allowable to interweave any quantity of previously manufactured material so long as the juncture was not palpable. Gray's adaptations seem sometimes to make the whole tissue of his poetry. He owns to an unconscious appropriation from Green (author of "The Spleen") of the main thought of his "Ode to the Spring," the comparison of men to ephemeral insects. But everywhere he is giving out phrases which he has previously assimilated. So in the very spirited translation from the Norse, "Uprose the king of men with speed," we have a verse from the "Allegro"—"Right against the eastern gate"—cropping up naturally in quite a fresh connection. A single phrase seems to combine several semi-conscious recollections. The words in "The Bard," "dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart" come from Shakespeare, and the preceding "dear as the light that visits those sad eyes" are perhaps from Otway. But it is useless to accumulate instances of so palpable a process.

It is only in character, again, that Gray should have clung to a peculiar dictum, as

he would have insisted upon wearing his proper academical costume in a performance in the senate-house. He would no more have dropped into Wordsworth's vernacular than he would have smoked a pipe in one of Warton's pot-houses. Wordsworth considered this dignity to be unnatural pomposity; and undoubtedly the language is frequently conventional and "unnatural," and a stumbling-block of offence to the generation which gave up wigs. Equally annoying was Gray's immense delight in semi-allegorical figures. We have whole catalogues of abstract qualities scarcely personified. Ambition, bitter Scorn, grinning Infamy, Falsehood, hard Unkindness, keen Remorse, and moody Madness are all collected in one stanza not exceptional in style—beings which to us are almost as offensive as the muse whom he has pretty well ceased to invoke, though he still appeals to his lyre. This fashion reached its culminating point in the celebrated invocation, somewhere recorded by Coleridge, "Inoculation, heavenly maid!" The personified qualities are a kind of fading "survival"—ghosts of the old allegorical persons who put on a rather more solid clothing of flesh and blood with Spenser, and with Gray scarcely putting in a stronger claim to vitality than is implied in the use of capital letters. The "muses" were nearly extinct, and in Pope's time the gods and goddesses had come to be regarded as so much "machinery" invented by Homer to work his epic poetry. They were, in fact, passions and qualities in masquerade; and they therefore found it very easy, in the next generation, to drop even this thin disguise, and fit themselves for poetic usage, not by taking the name of a pagan deity, but by a simple typographical device.

What would Gray have done under more congenial circumstances if he produced such inimitable fragments under such adverse conditions, when his learning threatened to choke his fire, when his exquisite taste was pampered with excessive fastidiousness, and his temper and position alienated him from the most vigorous intellectual movement of the day? Perhaps—for the region of the might-have-been is boundless—he would have produced a masterpiece of the "grand style," worthy of a place by Milton's finest work; or, as possibly, he would have done nothing. It is an amusing exercise of the imagination to place our favorite authors in different countries and centuries, and to trace their hypothetical development a century earlier. I fancy that Gray would have buried him-

self still more profoundly from the political convulsions which attracted Milton's sterner and more active spirit; he would have studied Plotinus and Maimonides, and found sympathetic companionship amongst the Cambridge Platonists; he would have written some fragment of semi-mystical reverie, showing stupendous learning and philosophic breadth of thought, and possibly have composed some divine poems for the admiration of Henry More or John Norris. Warton, doubtless, would at any period have enjoyed Oxford ale, and joined in the jolly song, "Back and side go bare, go bare;" he would have sometimes accompanied Burton on the rambles where he was thrown into fits of laughter by listening to the ribaldry of the bargees at the bridge end; he would still have been an antiquarian, and his notebook might have contributed quaint scraps of learning to the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Mason, anxious not to sink the man of the world in the country parson, would have racked his unfortunate brains for conceits worthy to be placed beside the most fashionable compositions of Donne or Cowley. Horace Walpole would, of course, have been at any time the prince of gossips; he would have kept most judiciously on the safe side in the most dangerous revolutions, and have come just near enough to collect the most interesting scandals in the courts of the Stuarts; but probably his lively intellect would have led him to drop in occasionally at the meetings of the infant Royal Society, and to have been one of the early cultivators of a taste for ancient marbles or a judicious patron of Vandykes. It is, perhaps, harder to assign the precise place in our own days, when the separate niches are not so distinctly marked off, and even the universities scarcely afford a satisfactory refuge for the would-be recluse; but at least one may assume that each of them would have been æsthetic to his fingers' ends, and have been thoroughly on a level with the last new developments of taste, whether for mediæval architecture or the art of the Renaissance, or that style which is called after Queen Anne. The snapdragon which Cardinal Newman saw from his windows of Trinity, and took for the emblem of his perpetual residence in the university, was probably flourishing when Warton's residence in the same college ceased; and Warton, in spite of that love of ale which is perhaps more prominent than it should be in our impressions of his character, would beyond all doubt have been a member of that school of which

his successor was the greatest ornament, and which has given a new meaning to the old phrase High Church. It was amongst the Wartons and their friends that the word "Gothic," used by earlier writers as a simple term of abuse, came to have a more appreciative meaning; they were the originators of the so-called romanticism made popular by Scott, and which counts for so much in the Anglo-Catholic development.

The paradox, in short, with which I started comes simply to this: that Gray and his friends were eclectics. This taste for the "Gothic" was a kind of happy thought, a lucky discovery made by men feeling round rather vaguely for a new mode of literary and artistic enjoyment — not quite content with the exceedingly comfortable and respectable century in which they lived, and yet not clearly seeing how to improve upon it. Horace Walpole, the shrewdest of all and the least of a recluse, was, on one side, a thorough man of his time; he was a freethinker of the Voltaire type; believed — so far as he believed in anything — in Pope's poetry and Locke's philosophy; he sneered at enthusiasm and sentimentalism, and at any revolutionary movement calculated directly or indirectly to deprive Horace Walpoles of comfortable sinecures. But he had a taste, and money to spend upon it; so he made Gothic chapels and halls of lath and plaster, played with antiquarian researches, and wrote a romance which was made of literary lath and plaster to match the materials of Strawberry Hill. Gray's dilettanteism was far more serious and systematic, but it necessarily took the same direction. He did more than dabble in antiquarianism; he read with insatiable appetite; he became, I suppose, profound in Gothic architecture, so far as isolated efforts could make a man profound. But his attempts at putting his theory in practice were clearly of the Strawberry Hill kind. He instructs his friend to buy bits of plain colored glass, and arrange the tops of his windows in a "mosaic of his own fancy," only observing that, to give them a "Gothic aspect," it will be enough to turn the fragments "corner-ways." Then he manages to procure "stucco paper" at 3d. a yard, which is "rather pretty and nearly Gothic," and apparently represents Gothic arches and niches. It will produce an awkward effect, as he admits, where the pattern has to be turned the wrong way; and, indeed, he is awake to the inadequacy of the crude revival. Painters, as he says, make objects which

are more like goose pies than cathedrals. The new toy was still in a very imperfect and rickety state.

One of the quaintest illustrations of the Gothicism of that time is in Mason's "English Garden." It is a weary bit of didactic poetry, and a most amiable and lenient critic, Hartley Coleridge, pronounces it to be the dullest poem which he ever attempted to read. It is hard, says Coleridge, to suppose it "wholly destitute of beauties, especially" (why especially?) "as it consists of 2,423 lines of blank verse;" but he does not seem to have discovered any. Had the critic persevered to the end of the fourth book, he might at least have been rewarded by a smile at the author. Mason tries to enliven his performance by a story about a pattern man of taste and virtue, named Alcander, whose tragical sorrows are soothed by religion and landscape gardening. It is enough to notice his performances in the last capacity. Alcander, as his name suggests, is an English country gentleman, possessed of an ancient mansion.

Coeval with those rich cathedral fanes
(Gothic ill named) whose harmony results
From disunited parts.

Alcander shows his taste by a restoration in the manner of the time. Let every structure, he proclaims,

needful for a farm
Arise in castle-semblance; the huge barn
Shall with a mock portcullis awe the gate
Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor
In golden triumph rides; some tower rotund
Shall to the pigeons and their callow young
Safe roost afford, and every buttress broad
Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone
Give space to stall the heifer and the steed.
So shall each part, though turned to rural use,
Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
Which fancy loves to gaze on.

He afterwards adopts a similar method

To hide the structure rude where winter
pounds
In conic pit his congelations hoar;

concealing his ice-house and dairy behind a modern "time-struck abbey." Alcander thus displays those admirable qualities of head and heart which enable him to bear with resignation the melancholy death of a beloved object. He finally consoles himself by placing her monument in a sham hermitage. The Gothic revival of a century ago sounds absurd enough to our ears, and it must be confessed that our foolery is more systematic and scientific, as it is probably more destructive. Alcan-

der, happily, did "restore" not his castle, though he surrounded it with those queer farm buildings and brand-new ruins. Pope, it seems, had set the fashion of landscape gardening on the little plot of ground which, as Horace Walpole tells us, he had "twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonized, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, the whole surrounded with thick, impenetrable woods." Mason, Spence, Shenstone, and other persons of literary note helped, according to their opportunities, to promote the revolt against the old-fashioned style in which, as Mason puts it, Folly combined with Wealth

To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene
Which once was call'd a garden.

He denounces the stiff canals, the clipped yews and holly hedges, and the geometric patterns of "tonsile box" with the zeal of a reformer. The theory seems to be that a garden ought to look as if it were not a garden. The change of taste, however, was doubtless symptomatic of the growing "love of nature," though I do not presume to discuss its merits. It was a development parallel to the literary change implied in the renewed taste for old ballads, for archaic poetry, or what passed for such under the names of Ossian and Rowley, and for Elizabethan literature.

Such tastes, however significant of the advent of a literary revolution, did not imply any revolutionary purpose in their cultivators. If Gray loved Spenser he was even more enthusiastic about Dryden, from whom he professed to have learned the art of versification. Cowper tried to supersede Pope's "Homer." Gray declared that nobody would ever translate Homer as well as Pope. Gray was as orthodox in his literary as in his philosophical profession of faith; and his most avowed disciple Mason was, on the whole, of the same persuasion. In Warton and Beattie there is clearly some anticipation of Scott's romanticism, but Mason's experiments were rather in the classical direction. His "English Garden" was his most ponderous and unsuccessful performance. In some other efforts he showed a keenness of style, a causticity of satire, which induced the late Mr. Dilke to suggest him (not quite seriously, I fancy) as a possible candidate for the questionable honor of being the real Junius. It would be difficult indeed to imagine that Junius could by any possibility have been a country clergyman, living for the greatest part of the year

at a distance from the political gossip of the day, however much interested in the spread of sound Whig principles. It is amusing to read the correspondence between Mason and his two friends Gray and Walpole, and to note how the respectful disciple, reverently receiving from his teachers little hints of criticism — laudatory, it is true, for the most part, but also dashed with tolerably sharp sarcasm — gradually develops into the rather dandified clergyman, anxious to show that the man of the world is not altogether sunk in the rustic parson; that he is no pedant, but a man of taste, and capable of tagging his remarks with bits of fashionable French, and even of occasionally repaying in kind his correspondent's affluence of the latest scandals. Mason's clerical gown did not sit very well upon him, though he seems to have been conscientious and independent, and not without some genuine kindness of nature. But he always gives one the impression of being out of place in his cassock. It would not be easy to find a more quaint expression of the unprofessional turn of mind in a clergyman than a defence of Christianity in one of his sermons. "If," he says, "the British constitution will not enable a man to dispense with religion, we must admit that nothing can;" and he proceeds to establish a proposition which certainly would not be considered as requiring defence in a modern pulpit — that even the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights did not supersede the Gospels. His claims to be a conceivable Junius seem to depend chiefly upon the clever squib called "Heroic Epistle," which is an amusing burlesque of the architectural crotchets of Sir W. Chambers, and implies a want of reverence for George III. Mason took immense pains to conceal the authorship of this and some less successful sequels, and so far followed the steps of Junius; but it is impossible to fancy that the great pamphleteer would have made such a cackling over such a trifle, or have been so sensitive to the praises of his confidant Walpole.

Gray speaks of Mason's "insatiable reforming mouth," and remarks that he has no passions "except a little malice and revenge." There was a good deal of acidity in his nature, developed, perhaps, by his uncongenial position and by domestic trouble, if he had not the rancor and force which make a great satirist; but in earlier days Gray found in him a simple-minded and enthusiastic disciple, who read little or nothing, but wrote abundance,

"and that with a design to make a fortune by it." His two poems "Elfrida" and "Caractacus" were fruits of this early fluency. They have been criticised elaborately by Hartley Coleridge, but belong, I think, to that kind and class of literature upon which serious criticism would be rather wasted. It is not that they are bad; rather they suggest an uncomfortable reflection upon the quantity of real talent, as well as conscientious effort, which may be thrown away in producing work unmistakably second-rate and void of genuine vitality. We can better estimate the extreme rarity and value of genius by measuring it against the achievements of remarkable cleverness. Hastily read, or read whilst still possessing the gloss of novelty, Mason's work might look like Gray's. Here, for example, is the first stanza of a chorus from "Caractacus," which Gray not only praised to Mason, but cites in one of his notes as a proof that sublime odes could still be written in English:—

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?
'Twas Death. In haste
The warrior past;
High towered his helmed head:
I mark'd his mail; I mark'd his shield;
I spy'd the sparkling of his spear;
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield;
Wide wav'd the lickerish blade, and fir'd the
angry air.*

Longer quotation might be tiresome; but Mason continues to the end with all the manner of a genuine poet, and doubtless cheated himself as well as Gray into the impression that he had the real stuff in him. The effect is respectable at a little distance, though the work will not bear a moment's inspection.

The general design of the plays, however, is more to my purpose than the merits of their execution. At that time the worship of Shakespeare, though sometimes extravagant, had not become a mere slavish idolatry. It was still permitted to see spots in the sun; and not yet fashionable for poets to try to revive the Elizabethan style, though Mason made one feeble attempt at a play "on the old English model." Gray, with his catholic taste, admired Racine, and began a play in imitation of "Britannicus;" and the faithful Mason decided that a "medium be-

tween the French and English taste would be preferable to either." He had also a fancy that the ancient chorus might be restored, so as at once to give greater opportunities for poetical descriptions and the graceful introduction of "moral reflections." Though Gray ridiculed his arguments pretty sharply, he stuck to his plan as obstinately as Sam Weller when insisting, in defiance of paternal remonstrances, upon a poetical conclusion to his love-letter. Accordingly, in "Elfrida" and "Caractacus," certain bands of British virgins and druids talk the twaddle and burst into the lyrical irrelevance which are the function of a chorus. Mason had abundant self-complacency; and though his plays had only a moderate success, owing to the bad taste of the public, he felt that his ingenious eclecticism combined the various merits of Sophocles, Racine, and Shakespeare. Unsuccessful authors may well invoke blessings on the man who invented conceit. But Mason, after all, writes like a cultivated scholar, with sensibility to poetic excellence, though without real poetic power; and if we laugh at his taste, our grandchildren will probably laugh with equal self-satisfaction at ours.

In truth, this fashion of writing plays not intended, or scarcely intended, for the stage, of which Mason was one of the first originators, is characteristic of the whole school. I will not argue a large question here, or deny that something may be said for the practice; and yet it seems as though a play which is not to be acted has a more than superficial resemblance to the feudal castles which were not meant for defence, and the abbeys in which there were to be no monks. The form is dictated by conditions which are no longer present to the writer's mind, and are therefore apt to be a mere encumbrance. If you build a portcullis to let in cows, not to exclude maurus, it is apt to become rather ludicrously unreal. If you know that your play is to be read and not to be seen, the whole dramatic arrangement is on the way to become a mere sham. It does not grow out of the poetical conception, but is fitted on to it in compliance with a fashion. Why bother yourself to make the actors tell a story, when it is simpler and easier to tell it yourself?

In this sense literature grows more "artificial" as it is encumbered with more dead forms having no significance except as remnants of extinct conditions. There was a time, we are told, when art was perfectly spontaneous, and the critic was hap-

* The last line is an emendation for "Courage was in his van and Conquest in his rear," a line still more *à la Gray*, but removed in compliance with a criticism of Gray's.

pily not existent. People sang or recited by instinct, without asking how or why. That golden age — if it ever existed since men were monkeys — had long passed away even in the beginning of modern literature. Spenser and Shakespeare, for example, probably thought about the principles of their art almost as much as their modern critics, and were very consciously trying experiments and devising new forms of expression. But, as the noxious animal called a critic becomes rampant, we have a different phase, which seems to be illustrated by the case of Gray and his fellows. The distinction seems to be that the critic, as he grows more conceited, not only lays down rules for the guidance of the imaginative impulse, but begins to think himself capable of producing any given effect at pleasure. He has got to the bottom of the whole affair, and can tell you what is the chemical composition of a "Hamlet," or an "Agamemnon," or an Iliad, and can therefore teach you what materials to select and how to combine them. He can give you a recipe for an epic poem, or for communicating the proper mediæval or classical flavor to your performance. If he is as clever a man as Mason, he will perhaps go a little further, and show not only how to extract the peculiar essence of a Racine or a Shakespeare, but how to mix the result so as to produce something better than either. In one respect he has clearly made an advance. He is beginning to appreciate the necessity of a historical study of different literary forms. In such quaint, old-fashioned criticism as Addison applied to Milton, where Longinus, and Aristotle, and the learned M. Bossu are invoked as final authorities about the "fable" and the "machinery" and the character of the hero, we perceive that the critic is still persuaded that there is one absolutely correct and infallible code of art, applicable in all times and places. Milton and Homer are regarded as belonging to the same class, and are to be judged by the same laws. The later critic, taking a wider survey, and rummaging amongst the antiquarian stores to discover any pearls hidden under Dryasdust's accumulations, began to see that there were many different types of art, each of which possessed its own charm and characteristic excellence. He scarcely saw at first that each form was also the outgrowth of a particular set of conditions, and could not be produced independently of them. It seemed easy to restore anything that struck him as picturesque or graceful. He could give the old ballad air by an arbi-

trary combination of bad spelling, or make his ruined abbey out of a scene-painter's materials.

This early race of critics had no direct hostility to their own century or to its early classicism. They were not iconoclasts, but only adding some new idols to the old pantheon. They aimed at being men of finer and more catholic taste than their neighbors, but wished to extend the borders of orthodoxy, to repeal the anathema which had been pronounced upon the "Gothicism" and barbarism of our old authors, not to anathematize the existing order in revenge. They were quiet, orthodox, and substantially conservative, even if nominally Whiggish, and feared or detested revolutionary impulses of any kind from the bottom of their hearts. Such men as Mason or the Wartons tried literary experiments which are now of no great value, because they represent at best the attempts of a superficial connoisseur of talent. They did something by attracting interest to researches which produced greater results when carried on by more thorough workers in the same mine. But it is also true that they were amongst the first to fall into the blunders, since repeated on a more gigantic scale by successors, who have tried more systematically to galvanize extinct forms into a semblance of vitality.

Gray, the man of real poetic genius, was also, if his friends judged rightly, the most profound antiquarian and the most deeply read of the whole school. Many of his critics have lamented the time which he spent in making elaborate tables of chronology, in studying genealogy, and annotating Dugdale's "Monasticon," or Grosier's "History of the Chinese Dynasties," or the "Botany" of Linnæus, when he might have been writing more elegies. There is so much to regret in the world that one would not waste much lamentation upon might-have-beens. It is a thousand pities that Burns took to drink, that Byron quarrelled with his wife, that Shelley was drowned in a squall, and that Gray wasted intellect upon labors which were absolutely fruitless; but we cannot afford to sit down and cry over it all. We must take what we can get, and be thankful. But neither can one quite accept the optimist theory that Gray really did all that he could have done under different circumstances. The fire was all but choked by the fuel, and the cloisters of Pembroke acted as a tolerably effective extinguisher upon what was left. The peculiar merit of Gray is that he had force enough, though

only at the cost of slow and laborious travail, to find an utterance for genuine emotion, which was enriched instead of being made unnatural by his varied culture. The critic in him never injured the quality, but only reduced the quantity, of his work. What little he left is so perfect in its kind, so far above any contemporary performances, because he never forgot, like some learned people, that the ultimate aim of the poet should be to touch our hearts by showing his own, and not to exhibit his learning, or his fine taste, or his skill in mimicking the notes of his predecessors. He could rarely cast aside his reserve, or forget his academical dignity enough to speak at all; but when he does speak he always shows that the genuine depth of feeling underlies the crust of propriety. He cannot drop, nor does he desire to drop, the conventionality of style, but he makes us feel that he is a human being before he is a critic or a don. He wears stately robes because it is an ingrained habit, but he does not suppose that the tailor can make the man. In his letters this is as clear as in his poetry. His habitual reserve restrains him from sentimentalizing, and he generally relieves himself by a pleasant vein of sub-acid humor. But now and then he speaks, as it were, shyly or half afraid to unbosom himself, and yet with a pathetic tenderness which conquers our sympathy. Such is the beautiful little letter to Mason on the death of his wife, or still more the letter in which he confides to his friend Nichols how he had "discovered a thing very little known, which is that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother." Sterne might have written a chapter of exquisite sentimentalizing without approaching the pathetic charm of that single touch of the reserved and outwardly pedantic don. His utterance is wrung from him in spite of himself, and still half veiled by the quaintness of the phrase.

Gray's love of nature shows itself in the same way. He does not make poetical capital out of it, and indeed has an impression that it would be scarcely becoming. He would agree with Pope's contempt for "pure description." Fields and hills should only be admitted in the background of his dignified poetry, and just so far as they are obviously appropriate to the sentiment to be expressed. But when he does speak it is always with the most genuine feeling in every word. There is a charming little description of the Southampton Water and of a sunrise — he can "hardly believe" that anybody ever saw a sunrise before — which are as perfect vignettes as

can be put upon paper within equal limits, worth acres of more pretentious word-painting. He rather despised Mason's gardening tastes, it seems, on the ground that his sham wildernesses and waterfalls could never come up to Skiddaw and Lodore. To spend a week at Keswick is for him to be "in Elysium." He kept notes, too, about natural history, which seem to show as keen an interest in the behavior of birds or insects as that of White of Selborne himself. And yet his sensibility to such impressions has scarcely left a trace in his poetry, except in the moping owl and the droning flight of the beetle in the "Elegy." The spring has to appear in company with the "rosy-bosom'd hours," and the muse and the insects have to preach a pathetic little sermon to justify the notice which is taken of them. Obviously this is not the kind of mountain worship which would satisfy Scott or Wordsworth. Gray was, perhaps, capable of feeling "the impulse from the vernal wood," as truly as Wordsworth, but he would have altogether rejected the doctrine that it could teach him more than all "the sages," and resisted the temptation to throw his books aside except for a brief constitutional. A turn in the backs of the colleges was enough for him, as a rule, and sometimes he may thoroughly enjoy a brief holiday by the side of Derwentwater as a delightful relief after the muddy ooings of the Cam. Nobody could, in this sense, love nature with a more sincere and vivid affection; but such a love of nature is not symptomatic, as with Wordsworth, or Cowper, or Rousseau, of any preference of savage, or rustic, or simple life to the existing order of civilized society. It implied at most the development of a new taste, inadequately appreciated by the cockney men of letters of his own or the preceding generation, but not that passionate longing for relief from an effete set of conventions, poetical, political, and social, characteristic of the rising school. His head, when he travels, is evidently as full of Dugdale's "Monasticon" as of Ossian, and he reconstructs and repeople Netley Abbey in fancy to give a charm to the Solent. He places in it a monk, who glances at the white sail that shoots by over a stretch of blue glittering sea visible between the oak groves, and then enters and crosses himself to drive away the tempter who has thrown that distraction in his way. Gray himself pretty much shared the sentiments of his imagined monk, and only catches occasional glimpses of natural scenery from the loopholes of his retreat in an eighteenth-century cloister.

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXI.

"FELIX," exclaimed Miss de Berenger the next morning, "the girls have been talking to me about a rural entertainment to be given on the racecourse. Do you really mean to take them to it?"

"Oh yes, aunt; why not? It will be a kind of picnic for people like us—only the poor will be feasted. I shall like the girls to hear Amias speak."

"I suppose it will have something to do with temperance, then," said Sarah, in some disgust. "I hardly know how it is that there should always seem to be something so second-rate in that subject. One cannot be its advocate without making one's self ridiculous."

"But on this occasion," said Felix, "there will be several other ways open to your choice, if you want to make yourself ridiculous, aunt—jumping in sacks, for instance, donkey races, athletic sports, etc."

"A person of my age is never athletic enough to take part in such things," said Sarah, in all good faith. "I consider that it would be very unbecoming in me to attempt to please the lower classes thus, and to pretend that I like their amusements."

Felix, well as he knew his aunt, was surprised into silence by this speech, and she presently continued,—

"You had better mind what you are about, and not tamper with temperance too much. Amabel is not at all happy. My dear uncle will think it very hard if her mind is poisoned in any way. Yes. She tells me Amias said yesterday that unless each one of the great brewers could be sure of having thirty thousand men always perfectly drunk for him—at their own expense—it would not be worth his while to brew at all."

"That sounds rather a wild statement," observed Felix, dryly. "I always distrust round numbers."

"I am sure she said so."

"I should have thought forty thousand was nearer the mark. But I don't wish to be captious."

"Should you really?" said Sarah. "Well, I have no doubt, if you could, you would like to do what the Royal Society wished to do to one of their comets (those scientific things are so curious and interesting). I read myself the other day in a lecture, that though a comet is often several hundred thousand miles long, yet such is its tenuity, that you could easily double up

the whole substance of it and squeeze it into a pint pot—if you could only get hold of it. But science, you know, has never been able to get beyond the confines of this world on account of there being no atmosphere up there to breathe. So they can't do it."

"It would be better to say a quart pot," observed Felix; "a pint seems so very small."

"Well," said Sarah, "I am not sure about the exact size of the pot, but the principle is the same. And I have no doubt that you—and you too, Amias, though you seem to think this a mere joke" (Amias had just entered the room)—"you too would be quite happy if all the spirits in England could be concentrated and concentrated over and over again till it could be got into such a pot, and could then be solemnly sunk into the depths of the Channel."

"That would be a very bad place, if you mean the *Irish Channel*," observed Amias, "because Ireland would certainly fish the pot up again."

"You take things too literally," said Sarah. "It is a great pity, Amias, to turn all the most philanthropic aspirations into mere jokes."

Perhaps Amias felt the truth of this observation, for he made no rejoinder, even when she had added,—

"You would, of course, wish in such a case that the sister island should agree to fill a sister pot, and that the two should roll together, in peace and love, at the bottom of the ocean forevermore. Not that I speak as a sympathizer, but my heart and mind, I am thankful to say, are large enough—yes—to show me what I should wish if I were one."

"You will go, aunt, of course?" said Felix.

"No, I shall not; it would be very inconsistent in me to fly in the face of my own people."

How little the joyous party setting forth to the racecourse supposed that the trifling events of this drive were to be hoarded up in memory ever after! There were five miles between flowery hedges, then there was the scent of trodden grass, and of many a posy of pinks and southernwood worn in rustic buttonholes; there were rows of carts and farmers' phaetons drawn up for the owners to sit in, while the horses were picketed at a distance. The very shape of the clouds that floated over cut themselves into memory as the background of a picture whose moving scenes could never be forgotten.

Mrs. Snaith had not heard much beforehand concerning this *fête*; it was only when she found that Mr. de Berenger was giving over the girls to her charge, and having the shawls arranged for them on a sloping grassy bank, close to what was called "the grand stand," that she knew there was anything more to listen to than a rustic band of wind-instruments.

And now here they were, close to the side of the grand stand, which was draped and bedizened with banners brought from the great house whose owners were the chief givers of the *fête*.

Then Mrs. Snaith understood that several gentlemen were going to speak; but she only saw the one who stood forward, Amias, and the moment he began, her motherly heart felt that Amabel, sitting beside her, was agitated, was blushing and in utter discomfiture.

It was so obvious, that she actually trembled lest some one who knew her darling should perceive it. Oh, could it be that her chief treasure had already taken leave of the peace of childhood, and was entering on the restless, useless, self-scrutinies of an unrequited affection? Mrs. Snaith thought of Amias as rather a great gentleman, quite out of her darling's reach, and when the lovely face drooped a little in spite of its listening attitude, and the fair cheek covered itself with a soft carnation, the tender mother felt so keenly and painfully for the child's shy sensitiveness, that she could hardly look up herself. And yet she did, and just at the right moment; as people generally do when some one whom they know well is passing near.

A gentleman on horseback was coming up very leisurely towards the back of the grand stand. Mrs. Snaith's heart seemed for a moment to stand still as she saw him. Sir Samuel de Berenger! He was moving carefully and quietly among the closing groups of people. He was close; he passed right in front of Mrs. Snaith and her charge, but he did not appear to see them. He reined up his horse only a few feet in advance, among a group of farmers also on horseback, and only just far enough back to be unseen by Amias. Amabel had evidently been listening for him as well as for herself. Her mother saw it, and it only added to her discomfiture to be sure that he had his part also in that complicated state of feeling that made her look so abashed; it was for his sake as well as for her own that she had blushed. She had seen his approach, and what was he now listening to?

"And as for you," were the first words

that reached his ears—"for there must be some such here—as for you who know the bitterness of a thralldom that you cannot escape, though it be ruining you body and soul, as for you whom the law has left, and leaves still, to the mercy of the lawless, the tender mercy of those who reach their greatness through your debasement, and build their houses out of your despair, you whose misery is the heaviest of all needless sorrows that weigh down the heart of the world, do not think you are come here to listen to any reproof. The movements of a pity that can dare to spend itself, sinking at the feet of your misfortune, is far too deep for words; but during your intervals of reprieve, when you think with ruth on the children whom you love, and the wife whom, with them, you are dragging down, consider—and relieve your hearts a little so—consider whether you have nothing in your power that will aid to keep them out of the slough into which your feet have slipped. Have you nothing? Oh yes; you all have a certain influence, and some of you have—a vote.

"I have known many of the most unfortunate among your ranks who have used this influence well. I have heard miserable fathers entreat their children to abstain, and point to their own deplored example to give force to their words; but I seldom hear them go to the root of the matter, as I want to do now, when I say to you, never vote a brewer into Parliament, however high his character may stand; never vote a brewer's son into Parliament, however great his talents may be; never, whatever may be his politics, vote in any man who has the least interest in keeping up the profits of that hateful liquor traffic, which is the ruin of these two fairest islands of the world. Never give them your influence by so much even as silence—never, never. What can they give *you* that shall console for what they take? They stand between you and comfort, they stand between you and duty, they stand between you and honor, they stand between you and God.

"And we must be helpless, we shall be helpless, there can be no good legislature—nothing can ever be done to chain this monster, intemperance—so long as such a body of our legislators draw their revenues from it, and spend their strength in keeping it free."

Dick was sitting beside Delia, and so far from sharing Amabel's shyness and discomfort, these two were both highly amused in watching Sir Samuel, who, with a half-smile and an air of wonder, sat listening and keeping just out of sight of

Amias. "Why doesn't he get a little forwarder?" whispered Dick. "I wish he would; and I wish I might see Amias start. But nothing worth mentioning ever does happen in this world. There's nothing for a fellow to see."

"And nothing to hear," echoed Delia. "Dick, I do hate temperance."

Still the fair face drooped, and the old great-uncle, on his horse, sat still and appeared to listen. Now and again he cast a furtive glance about him, and was pleased to find no one in his field of vision that he knew; but now it was evident that Amias had finished his short speech, and that it was only an introductory one for what was to follow.

"There, there he is a-coming forward!" exclaimed a man close at hand; "that's the 'inspired cobbler.' Give him a cheer, boys; give him a cheer."

Some one was moving out as the other horsemen pressed a little forwarder, and Sir Samuel de Berenger, not betraying by his countenance either anger or discomfiture, passed just in front of his so-called grand-daughters, lifted his hat as he did so, and smiled. At the same instant a fresh speaker came forward, and, clear over the heads of the people, rang the voice of Amias, —

"Mr. Uziah Dill will now address the assembly."

Yes, Mr. Uziah Dill. Hannah Dill lifted up her eyes, and saw her husband. She looked on, and in that instant, during which her daunted heart held itself back from beating, she heard the never-to-be-forgotten sound of his foot as the lame man came slowly to the front. She saw the beautiful, pensive face turned with its side toward her, then a loud, ringing cheer of welcome broke forth all around her, and she heard a sharp cry close at hand: "Mrs. Snaith — mamsey dear! Oh, don't! don't!"

What was the meaning of this?

She knew she was falling forward; her face seemed almost on her knees, and her children were powerless to hold her up. She could not lift herself, and her husband's voice, even at that pass, had power over her. She heard its high, sweet tones and despaired; then came a suffocating sense of breathlessness and then oblivion.

People generally wake again from a dead faint in a state of repose. Mrs. Snaith was no exception to this rule. She opened her eyes, felt very cold, heard a certain unintelligible buzzing of voices about her, then regained her full senses.

Everything settled down into its place, and here were Amabel and Delia kneeling, one on each side of her. She was lying on the grass under a tent; Amabel was putting water on her forehead, and Delia was fanning her.

Several kindly women were about her. They told the girls not to look frightened; they spoke to her encouragingly. She could not at first answer, but she heard them telling her that a fainting-fit was by no means an uncommon thing. It was the hot weather, they declared, which had overcome her — nothing more.

She was quite herself now — able to think. She was so close to the back of the grand stand that her poor husband's voice was faintly audible through the canvas folds of the tent. She seemed, during the next few minutes, to be more alive than she had ever been in her life before, and, under the pressure of imminent peril, to be able to make swift and thoughtful decisions. She presently sat up and asked for her bonnet.

"How do you feel, ma'am?" inquired a sympathizer.

"I fare almost as well as usual," she replied; "and that's a good thing, for it was agreed that I should go home to my master's rectory by the next train, to get ready for the family, that is to return the day after to-morrow."

She was very anxious that the strangers present should know that what she wanted to do was to carry out no new, but a pre-arranged plan.

"You are not well enough yet, Mrs. Snaith, dear," said Amabel. "You shall not go till you have had something to eat. And look! here is the luncheon-basket. The kind people next to us brought it in."

Something like despair clutched at the heart of the poor woman, but she knew she must yield. The strangers about her left the tent, and she and the girls took some luncheon. She felt better for it; but when Amabel said, "There's another train at night, Mrs. Snaith, dear; why not wait for that? — you still look very pale," she answered, "No, miss, I can't stay here; and I ought to leave by the half-past-four train, if it's not gone, else I shall not be in till midnight. Only," she added, looking at Amabel and Delia with yearning love, "when Mr. de Berenger went away among the temperance gentlemen, he told me not to leave you."

Dick, as might have been expected, had taken himself off.

"We shall go with you to the station,

then," said Amabel, "and stay in the waiting-room."

This is what Mrs. Snaith wanted; and Amabel longed to get away from the speeches. She had heard more than enough already. Mrs. Snaith rose. It was a very short distance to the station. She walked between the two girls with a certain urgency, but when they reached the line it appeared that the train was gone. She knew it would be. It was long past the time for it. It had come in during her fainting-fit.

The station was the last place that she meant to stay in. She took the girls to a little wayside inn, the only house near at hand. They were shown into a parlor up-stairs, which overlooked the course, and there the poor mother spent an hour in gazing out to see what would happen. Her pallor, and the strange eagerness in her dark eyes, struck the girls; they felt that she was still unwell, and therefore were the more inclined to stay with her and watch over her; and the "bands of hope," moving about with banners, the freemasons parading with their ornaments, and the different schools seated in distinct groups, having tea and cake under the auspices of their teachers, sufficiently amused them. "There's the lame man speechifying to those unlucky drum and fife boys," exclaimed Delia. "How tired they must be of it all! Just when the cans of tea and the great trays of cake are ready. Oh, how I should hate that man if I were one of them!"

The mother shivered when she heard this. "How horrible that Delia should speak thus of her own father! and oh, what a hypocrite that father must be!" She felt her soul revolt at him. She could hide herself from him, but it was not perfectly impossible that he might come up with Mr. de Berenger and Amias, and hear the girls' names. She almost hated him herself when she thought of such a possibility, and yet she felt that, if only that happened, there was nothing in it. But she should have three days of dreadful anxiety, for she should hear nothing till her darlings came back to the rectory. She should be hidden herself in the inn till he was gone. The publican had told her that all the holiday folk were to return at half past seven, in an excursion train expressly provided for them. She hoped this would be before the De Berengers came back to the inn for their hired carriage. She herself was to start at eight, and she bent all her attention towards doing the best for that one evening, and

thought she would leave the future to take care of itself.

The girls now, by her suggestion, ordered some tea. "Something," she said, "must be done for the good of the house." When it came up, she asked for a placard setting forth what were to be the entertainments of the day. She had passed several of these on park palings and on the grand stand, and had not cared to look at them.

The placard set forth that Mr. Dill, sometimes called the "inspired cobbler," was in that neighborhood, and had kindly promised to turn aside and deliver one of his thrilling addresses on the racecourse; that it was hoped a good collection would be made, to pay his expenses on this gratifying occasion, when the *élite* of the neighborhood would be present, to countenance the innocent pleasures, as well as to provide good cheer for some of their poorer friends. The inspired cobbler, as the placard informed those whom it might concern, was on his way to Southampton; any contributions intended for his benefit might be forwarded by stamps or post-office order to an address which was carefully given, and the donors might rely on their being thankfully received and duly acknowledged.

"If I can only keep my darlings up here till he is gone, poor man," thought the wife, "there is the best of hope that we shall clean escape him."

"Ah, here comes the excursion train!" exclaimed Delia. "Look, Amabel. What a crowd of people running up! what bunches of heather! what baskets of flowers! How hot they all look! There are the drum and fife bands, and the lame man."

Mrs. Snaith sat absolutely still and listened. She was far enough from the window not to be seen from below.

"How those boys screech at their fifes!" said Amabel. "It almost splits my ears. There's coz and the lame man helping them in. What a cram! Now the lame man gets in too."

"Gets in, miss?" exclaimed Mrs. Snaith. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. And now they are off, and there is our carriage."

Mrs. Snaith rose then, drew a long breath, and looked at Amabel.

"It's time for you to go down," she said. "Mr. de Berenger will be wondering what has become of you."

"Mamsey, how earnestly you look at me!" exclaimed Amabel.

"Well, we none of us know what may

happen," said the poor mother. "Will you give me a kiss, my — dear."

Amabel kissed her almost carelessly. They were to meet in two days; why should she think anything of such a parting?

Mrs. Snaith preferred the same request to Delia, who hung for a moment about her neck with a certain attention of remark which could hardly be called presentiment, but yet that enabled her easily to recall this kiss ever after, and the look in her old nurse's eyes, and the beating of her heart as Delia leaned against her.

And then the two girls went down to join Mr. de Berenger and Amias, Mrs. Snaith sending a message down. "Her duty, and she would stay there till the right train came up, for it was much cooler in the public-house than in the station." And then she drew close to the window, and with a sinking heart saw her darlings put into the open carriage, and saw it set off, and saw them wave their hands to her, and saw them disappear among the trees and leave her.

"He's gone," she then thought; "he's away, poor man; and I did ought to feel easy, for I've escaped, and my dears have escaped. He's on his way to Southampton, as sure as can be. What is it, then, that makes me so full of fears?"

She trebled and sat still on the bedside, holding her throbbing temples between her hands; but gradually, as the evening drew on, and the low lights gave even the little shrubs of heather their lengthy shadows, she grew stronger, and some time after sundown, when all was peace in the deserted little station, she came down and sat on the bench outside it to wait for the train. She was restless with a strange hopelessness, and though she kept assuring herself that her children were safe, she was shaken by a dread, an almost certainty, that she was breathing still the same air with that man who had once been her other self.

"Oh for the train!" she murmured; "oh to set forth, and have this over!"

It was very soon over. One man only was waiting in the bare little room behind; the window was open within a foot of her head, and he was leaning out. He coughed, and with a start of irrepressible terror, she turned round and faced him. All was lost. Uzziah Dill recognized his wife, and Hannah Dill her husband.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE husband and wife gazed at one another for a moment without speaking;

both seemed to be subdued into stillness by wonder, and one added terror to this feeling.

As Uzziah did not speak, his poor wife felt the slender ghost of a hope that her husband might not be certain of her identity, and she turned as quietly as she could, and had risen and moved towards the station door, when he cried out after her sharply and loudly, "Hannah!"

She still advanced, taking no notice of him. She did not dare to make haste, but with a certain calmness of manner she passed out and walked slowly upon the grass, and went behind a bank among the heather. She was thinking whether she could throw herself down with any hope of hiding, when the fatal sound of the lame foot was behind her, and with a feeling of desolation indescribable, she walked on and on, just keeping out of Uzziah's reach, but only just. She knew not what to do, and all her senses were sharpened. It seemed that they had come to her aid; but she questioned them, and it was only to find that nothing could be done — nothing. A great white moon had just heaved itself up. She was keeping the lurid orange sunset well behind her, lest its light should show her face, but now the light was purer in front, and she turned down a little decline and still walked slowly on.

Oh the bitterness of that hour! She still walked on, and the lame man toiled after her, and said not a word. She had come into a desolate cart tract which was grassy, between the heath-covered banks that rose high on either side. What good to go on any more? All was lost. He had power over her to prevent her escape. She had felt that it was no use to run wildly away, for she knew that in such a case he had but to call and cry out after her, and she must, she should, return. She gave up hope, and sat down on the bank, dropped her hands on her knees, and awaited him without looking up.

The low moon was full on her face; the west had faded, and all was cool and dim. When Uzziah saw her sit down, he stood still for a moment, as if not wishing to startle her; then he slowly advanced, wiping his forehead, for the exertion of the walk had been great to him, though she had been little more than two miles.

The place was perfectly desolate and still — a good way from that portion of the great common which had been set apart as a racecourse, and far from any road or field or farm.

If Hannah Dill had meant to deny her identity to her husband (but it did not ap-

pear that she had), her act in retreating thus must have made denial useless. Uziah Dill did not appear to intend entering on that question. He came near and sat down on the grassy bank, about two feet from her. Her silence, her evident despair, awed him, and he let her alone, as if he meant to wait till she should speak. And yet his whole soul was shaken by surprise. That if they met she would claim him, hang about him, and sorely interfere with what he called his evangelistic work, had been his fear ever since he had found himself at liberty. She had loved him deeply and faithfully; it had not entered into his calculations that such a state of things could cease.

He took out his handkerchief and again wiped his brow; then the urgent thought found utterance. "I'm afraid, my poor wife, you've acted very bad by me, else you wouldn't be so fearful of seeing my face."

She had taken the money, and concealed his children; she felt for the moment that this was "acting bad" by him. She did not repent, of course, but she had nothing to say for herself.

"If you've not been true to me —" he exclaimed almost passionately, and then seemed to give himself a sudden check.

"True to you!" she answered, turning slowly towards him and quietly looking at him from head to foot. "I never gave it a thought once, all these years, that I had to be true to *you*, but I thank my God he has always helped me to be true to myself."

The astonishment with which Uziah Dill heard these words came not merely to contradict every recollection he had of his wife, but to produce some few reflections on his own past conduct; yet he presently put these back, and in a characteristic fashion still pressed his point.

"We're all on us poor vile sinners, and have nothing to boast of."

"Yes," she answered, "I see what you are at. Through the blessing of God it is that I'm able to hold up my head with the best of good wives, that are happy as I have never been. I have no goodness of my own before God, but I look to be respected by men, because it's my due; and I don't answer like this because you were my husband, but because, let him be high or low, I should answer so to any man."

And then she broke down and burst into heart-sick tears — remembered how she had seen her darlings drive away, and wrung her hands and sobbed. It was not

from any sense of consolation in his words, but rather from revulsion of feeling, that she checked herself when he said, "Hannah, this is a very quiet hour, and I feel solemn and nearer to our heavenly Father for it. If I was to relate my experience to you and how God has dealt with me, it might be blessed to you, my poor wife, as it has been to some others; for though I may say with the Apostle Paul, 'With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment —'"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the poor wife, interrupting him vehemently, and shuddering with repulsion. "You're never going to compare yourself, Uziah, to the Apostle Paul?"

"Why not?" he answered humbly, but without hesitation. "I bless the Lord that I am a sinner saved by grace, and what else was St. Paul?"

She was so shocked at this speech that she broke forth into tears again, with "Oh, I'm a miserable creature! I can't bear it! This is worse — worse than the loss of my dears!"

"Hannah," he answered kindly, and with something like authority in his manner, "I know you've had misfortunes, and that I've been the cause of some. I know I've many times drank myself mad, and then abused you shameful, and I know (and for all you may think I did not care to hear it, I did care) I was truly sorry when Mr. Gordon told me you had lost your babes. I wish to speak like a Christian man, that I could not call up such love for them as a father ought to feel, but I was sorry for you. I know right well that, when you buried them, it was a very bitter parting to you. Now, don't rend yourself so with sobbing; let the past be, and, with the blessing of God, let us live together in a better union for the future; and," he added, like a man who had never known any keen affection all his life, "it's a sad thing you should lament over them still. Forget them — they're well off; and they were but little ones." He took off his hat when he said, "they're well off," and looked up reverently.

Though his speech had been so cold, it was an advance on the past. Hannah Dill acknowledged its moderation, saw some contrition in it, and felt its truth; but the real parting had been so recent, and so different from what he supposed, that its bitterness overcame her again, and the tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh, my children, my dears, my only ones!" she sobbed out, "what is there for your mother to remember but you?"

And he thought they were dead. This was eventually to prove a great help to her, but at the moment it gave her a strange dread for them, an almost superstitious fear; as if, indeed, they *were* dead.

Her husband at this moment drew himself a little nearer to her as he sat on the bank, and she started away with instinctive repulsion, whereupon, with a slightly offended air, he retreated to his former position, while she slowly, and without making any effort one way or the other, exhausted her emotion; and the moon, now dimmed by slightly veiling clouds, showed her black figure to her husband as she sat at the top of the bank, looking out over the wide expanse of blossoming heather, and sometimes clasping her hands as if she was in prayer. He also sat perfectly still, and in absolute silence. The balmy air that had been so sultry, was now cool and refreshing, a few stars were out, owls were skimming the tops of the heather, and some rabbits dancing and darting about on a dry green knoll. It was long before he spoke, and then it was with suddenness and decision.

"Well, Hannah, it's past eleven o'clock. We had better go to the inn, my dear."

An unwonted termination this, "my dear."

"Do as you please," she answered. "But, Uzziah, we are not going together."

"Not together?" he exclaimed. "You've lost that money over the shoe business, and you've hid yourself from me, and never wrote to me once for years; and I've met you and not said one word; and if you'd come back and done your duty by me, I never would have done, the Lord helping me, — I never would have reproached you at all, but taken you back and made the best of you, as I believe is right; and now, Hannah —"

"Yes, and now," she repeated, "I tell you that I forgive the past. And this is true, and so I'll say it, that if I chose this moment to set off and get clean away from you, I could, as you know well; and if you won't give me time to think out my miserable duty, and consider whether I may not truly have the blessed lot of leaving you, or whether I must stay because God wills it, why, I'll take the thing into my own hands. I'll get away from you this night, and risk the repenting of it afterwards."

He sat silent for several minutes; then he answered, almost with gentleness, "Your words cut me very sharp, Hannah; but I don't see what I have to answer be-

fore either God or you, but that I forgive them."

Hannah Dill here felt an instinctive consciousness of a change. When she moved a very little further off, it was not from any fear lest he should strike her. And she did not strive to hide her feeling of repulsion towards him when she replied, "I fare to think you cannot know, Uzziah, that I had the reading of that letter you sent through Jacob from your prison to Rosa Stock."

"Rosa Stock?" he repeated, faintly. "That was a long time ago."

"Not so long but what I have got a copy of the letter."

"I loved that woman," he exclaimed, passionately. "I had been her ruin, but she never seemed to think of that; and she had been my ruin, but that did not seem to make it right I should leave her without any comfort from me." Then his voice sank, and he went on, "Oh, I have been a miserable sinner!"

"Ay," answered his wife, with pitiless coldness; "but there's many a miserable sinner that's no hypocrite. It's because you're such a hypocrite that I fare to shiver so while you're near me. I got your letter to me after I had the money, and you'd heard of it, and I've got every word of it cut deep into my heart. You never asked whether *my* child was born, nor how I had fared after you turned me out of doors; but you wrote to say (God forgive you!) that you was a reformed character, and you wanted me to keep myself right for your sake."

"Ay, I was a hypocrite," he answered — "I was." He flung up his hands as he spoke, and she shrank hastily from him; but he clasped them upon his forehead and groaned. "Did you think I would *strike* you, Hannah?" he exclaimed, as if such a thought on his part was a most unnatural and cruel one.

She was silent.

"You have no cause to be afraid of me," he continued; "and now I see how it is that I cannot make the sweet offers of the gospel to you as I can to others. It's because I have been so bad to you. My poor wife, I humbly ask your pardon!"

"No, it's because you make such high talk of religion," she replied, "that I feel as I could not bear with you. It fared to shock me so, to see you standing up — you that used to get so drunk — and preach to better folks that they were not to drink at all. It fares to turn my blood cold to hear you talk now of doing folks good with your religious experience, and how the

blessed God deals with you, when the last I knew of you showed that, if you dealt with aught out of this world, it must have been with the evil one."

"Hannah, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Yes, I read it every day, and pray to God that I may understand it, and live by it."

"There's a thief you read of there that mocked at our Lord while he hung a-dying. He got forgiveness, didn't he?"

"Ay, but he died, Uzziah."

"But, if he had lived, do you think he would have gone back to his wickedness?"

"No, I don't."

"But you think there's no forgiveness for a wretched thief now; you think God cannot forgive a miserable drunkard now?"

"No, I don't think that, my poor husband; God forbid!"

"You think it possible that the blessed God might forgive—even me?"

"Yes, I do."

"But what if he did, Hannah? How should I order myself, if my sins were forgiven?"

"I expect you'd be very humble and very broken-hearted, and quiet about it."

"And not tell other poor wretches that were in the same misery and bondage that there was forgiveness for them too; that Jesus Christ could save them too, and would save them, if they would have him?"

It was past midnight now, and this last appeal, which had been meant to be so comforting and so convincing, was too much for poor Hannah Dill. "O God, forgive me, if I want to do amiss!" she cried, and gave way to an agony of tears. "It does seem as if I couldn't stop with you—I couldn't—I couldn't."

"Well, then," he answered, and rose and took off his hat, "let us pray."

She looked at him, and trembled; but she sat still, and the lame man knelt down. His wife could but just make out his figure, for a small dark cloud had come over the moon. She saw that he lifted up his hand, and then she, trembling yet, listened, and he began to pray, beginning with the beautiful and pathetic collect,—

"O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright; grant to us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers, and carry us

through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

And then after a pause, he went on—the sometime drunken cobbler, the hypocritical convict, and bigamist, went on, with all reverence and solemnity. "It is a strange thing, good Lord, that we have to say to thee. We are a miserable wife and husband that did not wish to meet—neither of us—and that was, maybe, wrong in thy sight. I did try to find her at first, good Lord, and when I could not, I thought thou hadst answered me, and I might serve thee as a man free from her. I could live on so little, and her money I willingly gave up. And how could she follow me, often in hardship and hunger, when I go to speak well of thee and thy lovingkindness?"

"And she, good Lord, she has lost that love she had for me, and that I did not care for, and she would fain go her ways. Shall I let her go, Lord—may I let her go in peace?—for thou seest it is left to thee. We met by thy will, and we durstn't part without thy blessing. Oh, give us that, and give it now!"

"So many times thou hast answered me, but since the day when my sins were forgiven, I have never been in such a strait as I am now, and I want to talk with thee of her side of this matter. Look on her. How hard it seems to come back! Ay, it would be a vast sight harder still, if she could know all. Thou knowest all; I poured it out to thee. It was a base thing to put into words. Maybe it went nigh to break thy heart when thou wert here, that men should have such deeds to confess. Maybe thou knowest what it is to rue, even in thy Father's bosom, the ways and the wants of us that are to thee so near of kin. O Lord Christ Jesus, that we thy brothers may be no more a disgrace to thee, pray to thy Father to make us pure, for thy sake."

"I beseech thee, be content to have the guiding of us, for we cannot guide ourselves. We have great searchings of heart, but come thou and sit between us in this desolate place. Thou knowest what we want, thy blessing on our parting in peace. But if we may not part thus, thy blessing that we may live together in peace. Give it, O most pitiful master, and give it by the dawning of the day!"

When he had got thus far, the lame man arose and went a little further, and again knelt down, holding up his hands, and still praying aloud, but far enough off to plead with God inaudibly, as far as his one human listener was concerned; and Hannah Dill felt then a little comfort in her misery: he was not praying for effect, and

that she might hear him — at least, he was not a hypocrite here.

The moon came out — she was near her southing — and as she went down, Hannah Dill saw her husband's face, and knew that it was changed. A soft waft of summer air came about her now and again, dropping as if from the stars; her husband's voice came upon it, and died as it fell, and that was changed; no such tones in it had reached her ears of old. It went on and on, and still it went on. At first it had been almost a cry, a low, pleading cry; but afterwards, as she recalled the beginning, she wondered at its gradual change. No words to reach her, but yet now it was calm, and almost satisfied. This long prayer was more awful to her, in the solemn night, than any of his speeches had been.

It frightened and subdued her, but she would not speak, for while he was so occupied, she was left to herself. She leaned her elbows on her knees and propped her face on her hands — her poor face, stained with tears, and pale with long distress — but just as her lulled emotion and fatigue between them had brought her such quietness as might have been succeeded by a doze, the distant voice stopped, and she, missing its monotonous murmur, started and was distressfully awake again. It might be about three o'clock, she thought; the moon was gone, and though two or three stars were quivering in the sky, the restfulness of night was almost over. The hills, she thought, had taken rather a clearer outline towards the east, and there was more air stirring over the heads of the heather.

She saw her husband rise, and a thrill of joy ran through her veins when she observed that he did not mean to approach her. She made out, in the dimness that comes just before dawn, that he went slowly to a little rise where the heather was thickest, and that he laid himself down in it. She knew he was a heavy sleeper, and that in a few minutes he would sleep. Was she not alone? Could she not now steal away from him? No. Before the thought was fully formed, she knew she could not. The sleeping man's prayer had power over her; it seemed to wake yet while he slept. And now that she could feel herself retired from all human eyes, she also arose and knelt down, and spread out her hands as if she would lay her case before the Lord.

Not a word to say, not one word; but a thought in her mind like this: "It is not because I cannot make my statement clear,

that God does not see and pity my case; let my God look upon me and decide, for whatever it is to be, I consent." A long time silent thus, even till the grass turned green about her, and the birds began to wake — even till the first streak of gold was lying along the brink of the hill, and till the utter peacefulness of the new dawn seemed to make her aware that in her own mind was also dawning a resignation that was almost like peace. If all joy was gone, and all comfort given up, at least they had been stolen away gently, and, as it were, almost with her own consent. "Thou knowest that I cannot bear it," she said quietly. "Oh, bear it for me; take my burden on thyself!"

And almost as she spoke, she felt aware that she had been helped — that all should be right, and was right. Then she too rose from her knees, and heard the lame man approaching; she sat down on the bank, and he sat beside her.

All the east was taking on its waxing flush. She and her husband looked at it together as they sat side by side. She sighed twice; its solemn splendor was so great, and her heart had sunk so low, she could hardly bear to look at it; but at last he spoke.

"Well, Hannah," he said, "there's words to be spoke now; and, my poor wife, it's right you should begin."

"Ay," she answered, faltering, and faint from long emotion and want of rest, "I've a right to say that you must tell me what has become of Rosa, and her babe."

"Rosa Stock?" he replied, solemnly. "She's dead, Hannah — dead this seven years; and her babe's dead too."

Naturally this information made a difference. The poor wife sighed again. "But I cannot live with him," she thought, "if I'm to be always living in a lie. — You said to God in the night," she went on, "that I didn't know all."

"It's true, Hannah," he replied.

"And no more can you know all," she replied. "What's done, was done for the best. As for me, I want to know no more. I'll ask no questions about anything, nor never reproach you; and these words are my vow and bond that I won't. But, in return, you're never to ask me — never — how I came to lose the money, and —"

She paused so long, that he at last said, "If it's clean gone, and nothing I could do could by possibility get it back, promise I do."

"And my children," she began, melting again into heart-sick tears. "If I go along with you, you must promise me, on your

solemn word before God this hour, that you'll never, never mention them to me; never, never let their names pass your lips to me more."

He turned to her with a look of surprise. She was quietly wiping away her tears. He would have liked to comfort her; he even began to reason with her. "I should have thought it might be a comfort to you, to talk about their pretty ways, and their deaths likewise."

"It is not," she answered. "I fare to believe that it's my duty to stay with you, if you'll consider over this one thing that I demand so solemnly, and promise it with all your heart; but if you won't do that, then let me go my ways."

After a short pause, he answered, "Hannah, I promise." And then she gave him her hand, and he helped her to rise. And they walked together in the early sunshine, to get the refreshment they sorely needed, at the little inn. Not a word or a look passed between them; one went with silent exultation, and the other with silent tears.

From The Fortnightly Review.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

"THE eagle," said one of the wisest of men, "does not nestle securely in the very bosom of Jove, the day on which he has quarrelled with a beetle." How much more serious, however, is the predicament of the royal bird, if he has offended, not a humble insect, but an animal of a far higher order! This was the misfortune which befell Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Justly or unjustly, for we know but one side of the story, he roused against him the anger of the "literary whale"* of his generation, and his memory suffers from it unto this day, in spite of the partial reparation which was made by his assailant. It is not my intention in the following paper to attempt to do anything towards rehabilitating Chesterfield, who had unquestionably his fair share of faults. Persons who set to work to rehabilitate damaged reputations are peculiarly apt to be attacked by a dangerous form of the *rabies biographica*, and to confound truth and falsehood, right and wrong, in their headlong advocacy. The object of the following pages is far more humble, and purely practical. Mr. Leslie

Stephen, not the least eminent of an eminent family, has adopted, or almost adopted, what appears to me a monstrously unjust criticism of Dr. Johnson's upon a work of Chesterfield's, which ought in my judgment to be far more generally read than it is; and I am anxious, by recalling to the attention of some readers of this review what really was the essential part of the teaching of Chesterfield, to do something towards making the study of his "Letters to his Son" what I think they ought to be, a regular portion of the education of every Englishman who is likely to enter public life tolerably early. Before going further, however, it is absolutely necessary to admit, without any qualifications, that the book has some very grave defects. These fall for the most part under three heads.

1st. There are a number of coarse expressions and allusions thinly scattered through the four volumes which are, although they occur in all the light literature of last century, not the less repugnant to modern eyes and ears.

2nd. The whole book is pitched, so to speak, an octave too low, if not for the day in which it was written, at least for that in which we have the good fortune to live. A man of the world, as shrewd as Chesterfield, would in the year 1879 have grasped the truth that to make an assured and honorable success in politics now, a character ought to be broader and deeper than that on the building up of which he labored so assiduously. There must be just as much shrewdness and knowledge of the world as ever, in the composition of the politician who is to play at the gold table and to win; but there must be, in an age when great masses are to be moved, a good deal more enthusiasm, a good deal more sympathy, and a good deal more poetry.

3rd. There are a great variety of passages which inculcate what we have happily learned to think a most detestable morality. Chesterfield drew a broad distinction between ordinary dissipation and the gallantry which the practice of his times authorized in all Continental countries, and to this topic he recurs with provoking frequency.

If I were engaged in estimating his character, it would be necessary to linger on this disagreeable subject, and to inquire what weight ought to be given to it in balancing his faults against his virtues. I cannot, however, make it too clear that I am not engaged in estimating his character. That was done very well more than a

* Peter Pindar prophesied very truly of Boswell, —
 "Triumphant thou thro' time's vast gulf shalt sail,
 The pilot of our literary whale."

generation ago by the late Lord Stanhope in his history, and by Mr. Hayward in an essay, which has been reprinted.

My object is, as I have said, a purely practical one. To examine, namely, how far his "Letters to his Son" can be made useful at the present day, and it fortunately happens that all his bad morality may, for that particular purpose, be left on one side. "No one," says an eminent legal writer, "however feloniously disposed, can run away with an acre of land," and it is not less certain that no young gentleman on his grand tour, however lax may be his principles, could form in every capital which he entered those intimate relations with ladies of position and reputation which Chesterfield is always pressing upon his son; although he would find it but too easy, if he had a turn that way, to indulge in those grosser forms of vice which Chesterfield so justly and so continually reprobates. The society in which Philip Stanhope moved is as dead as the Heptarchy, and we may treat the objectionable passages in the "Letters" as simply non-existent.

As to how far Chesterfield's views with regard to the women of his own day squared with the facts, it is beside my purpose to inquire; but certain it is that any one who, professing to be a man of the world, repeated these views as the result of his own observations on good society in the times in which we live, would, *ipso facto*, prove that he usurped a title to which he had no shadow of claim, and drew his conclusions, not from the experience of life, but either from books or from his own extremely foolish inner consciousness. Whatever may have been the case a hundred and fifty years ago, there cannot be the slightest doubt that any young man of adequate merit and position, who was properly introduced, and would take a little trouble, could now pass from capital to capital, living everywhere in the society of women who would do all for his manners that Chesterfield desired, and more even for his mind and his morals than they did for his manners.

Before we can estimate Chesterfield's educational ideas correctly we must understand what he proposed to effect. He proposed, then, to make his natural son, Philip Stanhope, — a youth of fair, but not shining abilities, cursed by nature with curiously ungainly manners, — an all-accomplished man, worthy to stand in the first rank of politics, now as a member of the House of Commons, now as a negotiator at foreign courts, now as the confi-

dential adviser of the heir to the throne, and now as secretary of state. He wished to do this in an age when personal influences were much more powerful than they are in our day, when the people had very little power, when the idea of a Frenchman's fighting for *la patrie* as he would fight for *l'honneur du roi*, seemed wildly preposterous; when a letter in Germany might be returned if only one of twenty titles were omitted in the address — in short, in that world of minute etiquette and endless formalities which M. Taine has so well described in the first volume of his book on the *Ancien Régime* and the Revolution.

This being the problem to be solved, it is clear that importance would have to be attached to many things which are nowadays, to borrow a happy German-student phrase, "colossally unimportant;" while on the other hand, the world having progressed much since the middle of last century, many things now of great moment could not be expected to find a place. On the whole, however, the reader will, it is to be hoped, think that there is much more of what is permanently valuable than is usually supposed in the book to which it is sought to direct attention.

What then was Chesterfield's system? And, first, what was its foundation? Its foundation, startling as the reply may appear to those who know his book only by hearsay, was morality and religion, as *their author understood them*. If we turn, for example, to Letter cxx.* we find the following passage: "As to the moral virtues, I say nothing to you; they speak best for themselves, nor can I suspect that they want any recommendation with you; I will, therefore, only assure you that, without them, you would be most unhappy."

Again, in Letter cxiii., after some observations about knowledge, we read: "For I never mention to you the two much greater points of religion and morality, because I cannot possibly suspect you, as to either of them."

Again, in Letter cxxxii. occur these words: —

Pray let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong, which every man's right reason and plain common sense suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced

* My references are throughout not to Lord Stanhope's edition, which, although the best, is scarce and dear, but to the third edition (1774), which is more easily procured.

that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal.

Looking on to Letter clxviii., we find this:—

While you were a child, I endeavored to form your heart habitually to virtue and honor, before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles, which you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. . . . I have therefore, since you have had the use of reason, never written to you upon those subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should, now, just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire, as into dishonor or vice.

Nothing could exceed Chesterfield's horror and detestation of the ribald talk against morality, which was a not unnatural though calamitous result of the revolt against superstition, which formed so important a part of the history of the last century. On that subject he writes with a passion which he shows about hardly any thing else.

Thus in Letter cxciii. he says:—

I hope in God, and I verily believe, that you want no moral virtue. But the possession of all the moral virtues, *in actu primo*, as the logicians call it, is not sufficient; you must have them in *actu secundo* too: nay, that is not sufficient neither; you must have the reputation of them also. Your character in the world must be built upon that solid foundation, or it will soon fall, and upon your own head. You cannot therefore be too careful, too nice, too scrupulous, in establishing this character at first, upon which your whole depends. Let no conversation, no example, no fashion, no *bon mot*, no silly desire of seeming to be above what most knaves, and many fools, call prejudices, ever tempt you to avow, excuse, extenuate, or laugh at the least breach of morality; but show upon all occasions, and take all occasions to show, a detestation and abhorrence of it.

With regard to religion he observes in Letter clxxx:—

Putting moral virtues at the highest, and religion at the lowest, religion must be allowed to be a collateral security, at least to virtue; and every prudent man will sooner trust to two securities than to one.

As to the form of his religion, Chesterfield began by being a bigoted, but soon became a very moderate member of the Church of England, extending his tolerance even to the Roman communion,

which, associated as it was with opposition to the rising spirit of inquiry and with the exiled dynasty, he heartily disliked both as a philosopher and a politician; but to whose priests and services he directs his son to show on all occasions proper respect.

On this foundation Chesterfield desired to raise a solid superstructure of knowledge, beginning, of course, with what we now call the "three r's," and the subjects usually taught to children before they go to school. A large portion of the first volume is filled with letters upon the elements of political geography and history, generally written in French, which was carefully taught to young Stanhope from the very first. Of what we now call physical geography there is of course not a trace.

Soon Latin and Greek were added, and made the staple of education for some years under competent private tutors; and later, at Westminster, "Classical knowledge," that is, Greek and Latin, the boy is told, while still only about twelve years of age, "is absolutely necessary for everybody, because everybody has agreed to think and to call it so." . . . "You are by this time, I hope, pretty near master of both, so that a small part of the day dedicated to them, for two years more, will make you perfect in that study."

It would be an error, however, to conclude from this passage, that the writer did not attach importance to the study of the classics for their own sake. Many of his judgments about particular authors, as for instance where he speaks with contempt of the Greek epigrams, some of which are amongst the most exquisite of human compositions, are sufficiently absurd. For the "Letters" and "*De Oratore*" of Cicero, however, for the "History" of Thucydides, and the "Orations" of Demosthenes, he had evidently a genuine admiration; and again and again enjoins their study. Classical reading, indeed, filled a larger place in young Stanhope's training than a wise man, who had in view the same object as Chesterfield, would now allow it to do in the case of his son. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the middle of the last century the importance of Greek and Latin works, weighed against the other literary productions of the human mind, was enormously greater than it is now. German literature cannot be said to have existed, and the number of works of a high order, either in French or English, was trifling compared with what we now enjoy. Numerous passages could be cited to prove that Chesterfield had an eye for what was

best in the writings of his contemporaries. Pope, Atterbury, Hume, Robertson, and Voltaire, receive indifferently the tribute of his respect for the excellence of their style and other merits, while he uses the very strongest language to describe the impression made upon him by the eloquence of Bolingbroke, of whom he has left a portrait worthy to be set side by side with some of Clarendon's. He was anxious that Philip Stanhope should write good Latin, and has some exceedingly sensible remarks upon that subject in Letter cxxxii., in which he contrasts the Latin of a gentleman with the "Latin of a pedant who has probably read more bad authors than good." Were he alive now, he would doubtless be very indifferent to his son's writing Latin at all. Circumstances, however, are entirely changed. In Chesterfield's time, not only did learned men still correspond not unfrequently in Latin, but the power of writing good Latin might at any moment have been useful to a man who, like Philip Stanhope, was intended to spend much of his life in countries where he would be brought into contact with men who used Latin as the language of business, which indeed was the case to a considerable extent in Hungary up to 1835, and in Croatia even later. Then, again, a great many branches of human knowledge, of which the elements should be mastered during the course of a general education, did not then, at least for educational purposes, exist. Chesterfield speaks with respect of geometry and astronomy, desiring that his son should know their elements; but for him, as for most of his contemporaries, natural science had no being. To him a man who occupied himself with it was as frivolous a trifler as one "who contemplates the dress, not the characters, of the company he kept."

Now all this is altered. So able a person would have seen clearly that in an age when material progress has become such an important feature in the life of all civilized nations, when everything seeks for a scientific basis, it would be worse than futile for one who aspired to be in the forefront of politics, not to have at least a general acquaintance with, and a sympathy for, one of the most important, if not indeed for the time the most important, portion of human activity. He is always urging his son to be the *omnis homo*, the universal man, and to describe any man by such a name at the present day, to whom natural science was a sealed book, would be merely a bad joke. We may then be certain that as he could not in-

crease the number of minutes in an hour, and as an important part of his system was to allow some six hours a day for work, and to devote the rest to exercise and pleasure, he would have suppressed the writing of Latin, and indeed every accomplishment, however elegant, which did not go to build up his ideal of a statesman fully equipped for his work in the world.

A good foundation of Greek and Latin having been laid, Chesterfield's next care was to make his pupil perfect in German, Italian, and French, so that he might employ all those languages with ease, and become acquainted with what his father considered to be best in their literatures. Chesterfield had the greatest respect for the French authors of the age of Louis Quatorze: of the Italians he recommended especially Tasso and Ariosto, giving the preference to the second. His literary criticisms, in short, were the criticisms of most intelligent men in that age; sensible enough as far as they went, but rarely going below the surface of things. Woe be, it has been well said, unto the nineteenth century in so far as it denies the eighteenth, for it generally loses itself in dreams if it does. In criticism, however, it has certainly a right to boast that it is "far better than its fathers."

Young Stanhope, who, when he left England, already knew a good deal of French, was sent abroad with the Rev. Mr. Harte, a man of some learning, and the author, at a somewhat later period, of a "Life of Gustavus Adolphus." They travelled by Heidelberg to Switzerland, and settled first at Leipzig, where, in addition to working at Latin and Greek, Stanhope heard lectures on public law and the law of the Holy Roman Empire, studied the principal European treaties, and began to make himself acquainted with the best works on modern history, then a task far less formidable than it would be at present.

His father kept urging him to increase his knowledge of geography, "wearing out his maps by constant reference to them." He insisted, as I have said, on a perfect knowledge of French, German, and Italian, but treated Spanish rather as a counsel of perfection, pretty much as he would, if writing now, have treated Russian.

He advised his son to make himself acquainted with all the circumstances of every country in which he might be; to question every man whom he came across about the things which he knew best, and liked most to talk — old soldiers about war and fortification, priests about the ceremonies and tenets of their respective

churches, diplomatists, and more especially the Venetian and Sardinian agents (of whom Chesterfield had a particularly high opinion), about political affairs. Nor did the old statesman fall into the error which has been too common amongst diplomatists, of thinking that commercial matters were only fit for the attention of consuls. On the contrary, he pressed Philip Stanhope to learn as much as he could about them, by reading whatever he could find that was really good, from Huet's treatise on the commerce of the ancients to Sir Josiah Child's little book, which might be called, he says, the "Grammar of Commerce." It is true that the mind of the teacher was full of the illusions that beset the world before the days of Adam Smith; but this did not arise from any carelessness or want of interest in the subject.

During his son's residence at Leipzig, Chesterfield's exhortations to the cultivation of good manners became incessant. These exhortations—which occupy so large a portion of the "Letters" as to have become associated with his name to such a degree as to have entirely thrown into the shade their most important features, and to have greatly misled people as to their author's character, fall into three categories.

First come a series of precepts so elementary as to be useless nowadays to any boys who have been decently brought up, but which are curious enough as showing how very low was the standard of manners in the middle of the eighteenth century at our public schools and universities.

Secondly, we find a great multitude of injunctions which were extremely valuable for one who was to spend a great part of his life in courts, as courts were during the "torrent's smoothness" which preceded the Niagara of the French Revolution. Many of them hold good at the present day, many do not; but it is unnecessary to dwell upon either. They were the tools of Philip Stanhope's trade, but are too technical to give any value to the book for general purposes now.

Thirdly, we have a number of maxims which are, and always will be, of great importance. I subjoin a very few of these:

In the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief. (Letter cxxxiv.)

A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to manners and not to morals. (Letter cxxxiv.)

Cautiously avoid talking of either your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them but tedious; theirs are nothing to you. The subject is a tender one; and it is odds but you touch somebody or other's sore place: for, in this case there is no trusting to specious appearances; which may be, and often are, so contrary to the real situations of things that, with the best intentions in the world, one often blunders disagreeably. (Letter cxxxv.)

The scholar without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable. (Letter xcvi.)

There are two sorts of good company; one which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. (Letter xcvi.)

All general reflections, upon nations and societies, are the trite, threadbare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to common-place. (Letter lxxviii.)

Company is a republic too jealous of its liberties to suffer a dictator even for a quarter of an hour.* (Letter cc.)

Good breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole. (IV. 304.)

When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage in King William's time, to prevent the like for the future, they stamped on the edges of the crown pieces these words, *et Decus et Tutamen*. That is exactly the case of good breeding. (IV. 304.)

There is not a shadow of foundation for the idea that the manner which found favor with Chesterfield was an over-elaborate or affected one. That Dr. Johnson should have considered it so to be is natural enough, but as a matter of fact it was simply the kind of manner which is the usual outcome of good-feeling, a strong desire to please, and a wide acquaintance with men and things.

The objects of his supreme horror and

* It is curious to compare Chesterfield's idea of conversation with that of Dr. Johnson. To the latter conversation was a gladiatorial combat, in which he succeeded best who showed the greatest skill in fence combined with the greatest sinews. To the former it was either a means of adding to one's knowledge, or a harmless relaxation from business, in which he succeeded best who gave to his companions the greatest amount of pleasure.

aversion were the young Englishmen who were sent to travel abroad at twenty, "but who in truth stayed at home all the while, for, being very awkward, confoundedly ashamed, and not speaking the languages, they go into no foreign company — at least, none good." Of these he has given a number of sketches, as in Letters cl., clxi., etc., etc.

The kind of manner which Chesterfield approved, has been approved ever since, and will be approved to the end of time, by all competent judges. I do not know that it has ever been better described, than by a man who was the very antithesis of Chesterfield, in the warmth of his feelings, the loftiness of his ideal, and the depth of his enthusiasm. In a letter marked by all that curious felicity of style which received and deserved the enthusiastic praise of Montalembert, Albert de la Ferronnays writes: —

Quant à l'élégance, je me fie à toi et je suis sûr que tu as celle que tu sais, celle que j'aime, ce bon goût cosmopolite qui n'est d'aucun pays et qui est de tous : un cachet étranger, ni italien, ni français, ni espagnol, mais de tout un peu, de rien en entier ; une tournure à part, une mise à part, un parfum à part : tu me comprends, n'est-ce pas ?

The reason why Chesterfield so constantly referred to the subject of manners was, that they were Philip Stanhope's weak point. All his father's efforts never succeeded in making him other than what he was born, a very uncouth and clumsy person. Even Mr. Harte, who was much attached to him, and who was himself as unfortunate, admitted that Stanhope wanted nothing except good manners, but that the want of them, considering his destination, was a fatal one.

The best as well as the most numerous of Chesterfield's maxims refer much more to the conduct of life than to manners, understood in their narrower sense.

Such are the following: —

I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation ; the latter having the utmost strength and solidity to support, and the former all possible ornaments to decorate. (Letter clvi.)

Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things. (Letter clviii.)

Tout brillant qui ne résulte pas de la solidité et de la justesse de la pensée, n'est qu'un faux brillant. Le mot italien sur le diamant est bien vrai à cet regard, *quanto più sodezza, tanto più splendore*. (Letter ccv. — in French.)

Pray be always in motion. Early in the

morning go and see things ; and the rest of the day go and see people. (Letter ccxlv.)

The political reflections (in the "Memoir of Cardinal de Retz"), which are most of them printed in italics, are the justest that ever I met with ; they are not the labored reflections of a systematical closet politician, who, without the least experience of business, sits at home and writes maxims ; but they are the reflections which a great and able man formed, from long experience and practice in great business. They are true conclusions drawn from facts, not from speculations. (Letter cxiii.)

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men ; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones. (IV. 298.)

A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told to him. (IV. 298.)

When a man of sense happens to be in that disagreeable situation, in which he is obliged to ask himself more than once, *What shall I do?* he will answer himself, Nothing. When his reason points out to him no good way, or at least no way less bad than another, he will stop short and wait for light. A little busy mind runs on at all events, must be doing ; and, like a blind horse, fears no dangers, because he sees none. *Il faut savoir s'ennuyer*. (IV. 299.)

Patience is a most necessary qualification for business ; many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request. One must seem to hear the unreasonable demands of the petulant unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station. (IV. 299.)

In business, an elegant simplicity, the result of care, not of labor, is required. Business must be well, not affectedly dressed ; but by no means negligently. Let your first attention be to clearness, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it, and correct it accordingly. (Letter ccxxxiii.)

Lay aside the best book whenever you can go into the best company ; depend upon it you change for the better. (Letter ccxlviii.)

Trivial futile books swarm and buzz about one every day ; flap them away, they have no sting. (Letter ccxlviii.)

Common sense (which in truth is very uncommon) is the best sense I know of ; abide by it ; it will counsel you best. (Letter ccxxii.)

The height of abilities is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti* ; that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior. (Letter ccxxiv.)

Young as you are, I hope you are in haste to live ; by living, I mean living with lustre and honor to yourself, with utility to society ; doing what may deserve to be written, or writing what may deserve to be read : I should wish both. (Letter clxxxvii.)

From Leipzig young Stanhope went with his tutor to the courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, whence they passed into Italy. While in that country he was encouraged by his father to pay a fair amount of attention to art and antiquities; although, even there, history, languages, and society were to be his chief care. His "Murray," by the way, was to be "Alberti," a work "from whence I am assured," says Chesterfield, "that Mr. Addison, to save himself trouble, has taken most of his remarks and classical references."

After leaving Italy, tutor and pupil travelled by slow journeys to Paris, whence Mr. Harte returned to England, but his late charge remained, devoting himself, or being supposed to devote himself, not apparently with any great success, to his "exercises."

The exercises on which Chesterfield insisted were riding, fencing, and dancing. It is odd that in the case of a person who was to move so much about the world as Philip Stanhope, he should not have added swimming. For field-sports he had the most hearty contempt, and avowed it in a manner which seems strange when we think what a large place they now fill in the lives of men of his class in England. In Letter cxxiv. he says:—

All gaming, field-sports, and such sort of amusements, where neither the understanding nor the senses have the least share, I look upon as frivolous, and as the resources of little minds, who either do not think or do not love to think.

Again, in Letter cxlviii., we find these words:—

Sottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc., are, in my opinion, infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker, which are said to *dérogé*.

Again, in Letter ccxxx., he remarks:—

The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves; the true British fox-hunter is most undoubtedly a species appropriated and peculiar to the country which no part of the globe produces.

Possibly the brilliant way in which hunting is now managed in this country might have induced him somewhat to modify his language; but he would, it can hardly be doubted, have sympathized with him who said, "England is the only country on the face of the earth where you are thought to have given a sufficient account of a gentle-

man of fortune and position, and one creditable to the person spoken of, if you say, 'He is a master of hounds.'"

It is interesting to speculate as to what he would have thought of the interest excited, not in the crowd, but amongst people of his own rank, by the boat-race, or the public schools' match at Lord's. The cricket of his day he classes with pitch-farthing, evidently considering both as very good games for little boys. Eight-oared boat-racing had not broken out in those times.

During Stanhope's residence in Paris, his father directed him to see all the best forms of society, to go much to court and to the foreign ambassadors, to frequent as much as he was allowed to do the society of the more eminent men of letters, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and the like. He was also to pay much attention to the courts of justice, and the general principles of the French law.

After a short visit to England, the young man returned to Paris, where he continued his education, and worked as a supernumerary *attaché* at the embassy, under Lord Albemarle. After that he passed into Germany, and went eventually to Hanover, in the suite of the Duke of Newcastle.

It is your first crisis [writes his father]; the character which you acquire there will, more or less, be that which will abide by you for the rest of your life. You will be tried and judged there, not as a boy, but as a man; and from that moment there is no appeal for character: it is fixed. To form that character advantageously you have three objects particularly to attend to; your character as a man of morality, truth, and honor; your knowledge in the objects of your destination, as a man of business; and your engaging and insinuating address, air, and manners, as a courtier; the sure and only steps to favor. Merit at courts, without favor, will do little or nothing; favor, without merit, will do a great deal; but favor and merit together will do everything. (Letter ccl.)

Stanhope was now at the age when most boys are on the eve of leaving school. About a year afterwards his father wrote to him as follows:—

You are now but nineteen, an age at which most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk on port, at the University. You have greatly got the start of them in learning; and if you can get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in court and Parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They generally begin but to see the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that

age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language; and they come home at three or four-and-twenty, refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fishing. The care which has been taken of you, (to do you justice) the care you have taken of yourself, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, address, and those exterior accomplishments. But they are great and necessary acquisitions, to those who have sense enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life, will give you such an advantage over all your contemporaries, that they cannot overtake you; they must be distanced. (Letter cclxiv.)

The reader who has accompanied me thus far will have seen that Chesterfield was not easily satisfied in the matter of solid acquirements, and the following passage will impress that fact even more firmly on his mind.

In a letter written to Stanhope, when he was only seventeen, his father says: —

When I cast up your account as it now stands, I rejoice to see the balance so much in your favor; and that the items *per contra* are so few, and of such a nature, that they may be very easily cancelled. By way of debtor and creditor, it stands thus: —

Creditor, by French.	Debtor, to English.
German.	Enunciation.
Italian.	Manners.
Latin.	
Greek.	
Logic.	
Ethics.	
History.	
Jus { Naturæ.	
{ Gentium.	
{ Publicum.	

This, my dear friend, is a very true account, and a very encouraging one for you. A man who owes so little, can clear it off in a very little time, and if he is a prudent man will; whereas a man who by long negligence owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay; and therefore never looks into his accounts at all. (Letter cxvii.)

It is not quite clear what Chesterfield meant by ethics and logic, but it is hardly probable that Stanhope had devoted any great amount of attention to either study. The other items on the creditor side, however, imply a large amount of acquisition for a boy of seventeen. As a matter of

fact, thanks to the abominable arrangements of our schools and colleges, a far humbler curriculum than that which Philip Stanhope had passed through at seventeen, is not finished till two or three-and-twenty, even by clever young men. And there is no reason to suppose that Philip Stanhope was clever. He was brought up on a plan which was relatively good, under excellent teachers; that was all the mystery.

Now, we should be well content, in the case of a man who desired to arrive at the highest political success, if general education could be finished by one or two-and-twenty. The literature that ought to be read early, even if attention is only given to the very best books in each language, has enormously increased since Chesterfield's day; so have the mass and complication of modern history, and time must be found for the attainment of sound general ideas with reference to the elements of natural science, political economy, and our own municipal law. All this might well cover the whole period before one or two-and-twenty, even if time were gained by beginning the classics late, abandoning Latin composition, and throwing overboard everything now taught which could not successfully re-state the reasons of its existence.

A man, however, who aimed at the highest political success for his son, would not be satisfied without giving him a special preparation for politics, after his general education was complete. The range over which the modern statesman's knowledge must extend is far greater than that which was sufficient in the middle of the last century. A modern English statesman who limited his views as completely to Europe as Chesterfield very properly did, would inevitably be a very bad statesman. Nearly the whole of our existing colonial empire, and nearly the whole of our Indian empire, have grown up since those days. In one of his later letters Chesterfield just mentions Clive, but, naturally, without having the faintest inkling of the way in which the deeds of the "bright-eyed young adventurer" would react upon and complicate our European position. An English statesman must in these days, if he would be anything but a blind guide, extend his view over the whole world. To him, more than to anybody else, apply the wise words of M. Laffitte, in his remarkable, and surely not sufficiently well-known book, "*Les grands types de l'Humanité*:" —

Les chefs européens, il y a encore deux siècles, n'avaient guère à porter leur regards

au delà de l'Occident. C'est tout au plus si la Turquie, de temps à autre, venait leur rappeler qu'il existait des orientaux. Toute la diplomatie se pratiquait entre populations qui s'étaient élevées ensemble, qui avaient contribué toutes, bien qu'à des degrés divers, à fonder une même civilisation, qui possédaient une croyance commune, dont les mœurs et les lois n'étaient point trop différentes. Mais aujourd'hui l'homme d'état doit porter dans sa tête la planète entière. L'Occident n'est qu'un point, l'Afrique et l'Asie l'inquiètent autant et plus qu'une partie quelconque de la vieille Europe; il faut conclure des traités avec les peuples de l'extrême Orient; il faut savoir ce qui se passe à Pékin, à Jeddo, à Calcutta, ou à Benarès. Comment cultiver ces relations, nouer ces alliances, gouverner en un mot, si l'on ignore ces populations, si l'on n'apprécie pas à leur valeur les civilisations qu'elles ont constituées? Le temps où l'on traitait de barbares ou d'imbéciles tout ce qui n'était pas chrétien est définitivement passé.

If, then, some knowledge of India and other Asiatic countries, together with some acquaintance with the British colonies, must be added to those subjects on which Chesterfield insisted, it is evident that we want more time. But the two great subjects we have mentioned are far indeed from exhausting the list of new requirements. The relations not only of the states of the Old World, but of those of the New, have become part of the knowledge which a man who destined his son for a political career, with the hopes which Chesterfield kept before his mind, would naturally desire him to possess.

If, however, more time is required for preparation, more is available. It has been seen that young Stanhope was already beginning the world at nineteen. He had, however, two advantages which even the sons of the greatest magnates cannot now command. His father could put him in the House of Commons as soon as he was of age, and could keep him in it while he fulfilled diplomatic functions abroad, only coming home to take part in its proceedings from time to time, at the call of the government of the day, or as suited his own convenience. So that his political education for the highest posts was really being continued for a long time in the best possible way.

Few, however, are those who have the good fortune to get even into the House of Commons in these days at one or at five and twenty; while no one finds himself at either of those ages both a legislator and a diplomatist. Now, too, that the custom of allowing ministers and ambassadors to attach persons, in whom they take an

interest, to their legations or embassies has ceased to exist, and that private secretaryships are given chiefly to members of the permanent Civil Service, the chance of young men who are preparing for political life getting any training in business of the highest and widest kind is much diminished. The best substitute for it which circumstances permit is probably that which so many take to, namely, writing in newspapers and periodicals. But that, although it has many advantages, does not call into play the same faculties, and is subject to many drawbacks. Inconvenient, however, as it is that young men should have so few opportunities of being trained to statesmanship, it is in the nature of things, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that, until the wealthy take the trouble really to train their sons for a political career, it will ever be otherwise. Constituencies naturally look out for a member who they think will represent them well when first elected, and cannot, except in rare cases, be expected to speculate on what he may become in a dozen years.

There is probably only one thing that could be done by the community, which would at all tend to give to the education of the highest class in this country a really statesmanlike turn, but happily that is a thing which it is for other reasons most important to do.

A very great and real improvement might be effected in the training of that class, if it were once for all determined that the diplomatic service was to be composed exclusively of persons of high intellectual attainments. The easiest and least invidious way to effect this would be to have, once a year, an examination open to every man under four or five-and-twenty in those subjects which Chesterfield, if he were now amongst us, would have prescribed. This examination should be conducted by a board composed of ex-ministers, ambassadors, and other functionaries of the highest rank, with, of course, a proper amount of technical assistance. It should be so arranged as to bring out, not only knowledge, but also readiness, and presence of mind; and should therefore be largely *viva voce*. The standard should be kept extremely high, and it should be surrounded by a far greater amount of dignity and public recognition than any other examination. The names of not more than twelve of the best candidates should be announced by the examiners in a class list, from which the secretary of state for foreign affairs should, at his own absolute discretion,

select the persons to fill the attachés in the regular line of the service, and the clerkships in the Foreign Office, which might fall vacant during the year; while all ministers and ambassadors should be empowered to take as supernumerary unpaid attachés, and with no claim to rise in the service, any persons whose names were found in the list. If such an examination were set on foot, and properly organized, it may be hoped that success in it would become an object with a considerable percentage of those young men who do not require to go into a money-making profession, but who would hail the opportunity of having their names advertised to the nation as those of persons who had given themselves with success to the kind of studies which lie at the root of statesmanship. Such men would undoubtedly have a better chance in many constituencies than persons who could not bring forward any testimonials to their political knowledge and ability. The fact of a man having taken this or that degree at the universities conveys very little to the mind of an electoral committee, even when the degree taken really represents knowledge of a kind important to them, which is only rarely the case, but the guarantee afforded by such an examination as I suggest would be altogether different.

After some further travelling in Germany, Stanhope returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Commons. His father had been long turning his attention in that direction, for the House of Commons was then, much more than it is even now, the natural road to be taken by any one who, not born a peer, wished to arrive at a great position in the State. That assembly is doubtless much changed and improved since the day when so keen an observer as Chesterfield could write as follows:—

To bring this directly to you; know that no man can make a figure in this country but by Parliament. Your fate depends upon your success there as a speaker; and, take my word for it, that success turns much more upon manner than matter. Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Murray, the solicitor-general, uncle to Lord Stormont, are beyond comparison the best speakers; why? only because they are the best orators. They alone can influence or quiet the House; they alone are so attended to, in that numerous and noisy assembly, that you might hear a pin fall, while either of them is speaking. Is it that their matter is better, or their arguments stronger, than other people's? Does the House expect extraordinary informations from them? Not in the least; but the House expects pleasure from them, and there-

fore attends; finds it, and therefore approves. (Letter ccxi.)

The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one, too, is short and easy. Take of common sense *quantum sufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the House, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegance of style. (Letter cclxxii.)

It may be that no orator of our day has equalled the elder Pitt in his highest flights, but good speaking of the kind just below the highest has increased so much, that a man who was satisfied with the amount and kind of excellence which Chesterfield prescribed would not stand out from his fellows enough to obtain any great name.

Again, the vast variety of business which the House of Commons has accumulated in its own hands requires for its proper transaction a far greater amount of special knowledge than was requisite to meet the comparatively simple exigencies of Chesterfield's day, and the men who have that special knowledge are respectfully listened to, even when they speak detestably.

Still, after all allowance has been made for the change of circumstances, there remains a great deal of truth in Chesterfield's remarks. A musical, well-managed voice, and a graceful manner of speaking, go very much further with the House of Commons than is at all generally supposed by those who are not intimately acquainted with it. Of course, it would be easy to mention men on both sides of politics who have had very great success in spite of the possession of almost every defect against which Chesterfield warned his correspondent; but I suppose there are few men who have been long familiar with it, who would not say that adequate abilities accompanied by the sort of charm which a man like the late Lord Herbert had in so supreme a degree, would advance a man in the House of Commons more quickly than the most commanding genius, unaccompanied by that charm.

The letters which can properly be called educational end with that of 27th November, 1754, number cclxxix., in the fourth volume, and those which extend from 1756 to Philip Stanhope's death, in 1768, are at once of less interest, and far fewer in number.

Chesterfield's labors turned out only very partially successful, but they failed precisely where he expected them to fail. In 1748, he had written to his son: "I will tell you, sincerely, my hopes and fears

concerning you. I think you will be a good scholar, and that you will acquire a considerable stock of knowledge of various kinds: but I fear that you neglect what are called little, though in truth they are very material things; I mean gentleness of manners, an engaging address, and an insinuating behavior; they are real and solid advantages, and none but those who do not know the world, treat them as trifles. I am told that you speak very quick and not distinctly; this is a most ungraceful and disagreeable trick, which you know I have told you of a thousand times; pray attend carefully to the correction of it. An agreeable and distinct manner of speaking adds greatly to the matter; and I have known many a very good speech disregarded, upon account of the disagreeable manner in which it has been delivered, and many an indifferent one applauded, for the contrary reason." (Letter cxv.)

This was exactly what happened. Philip Stanhope turned out an extremely well-informed, nay, learned man; but he showed no aptitude whatever for oratory, all but breaking down in his maiden speech, while he was quite remarkable for the want of those manners of which his father had said to him, very early in the day, that "though the last, and it may be the least ingredient of merit," they were, however, "very far from being useless in its composition."

It would have been vain to argue in favor of Chesterfield's method from the accident of its having succeeded in the case of Philip Stanhope, and it is equally vain to argue against it from the accident of its having partially failed with him. It must be judged on its own merits, but it would be very interesting to learn from some critic who, like Chesterfield, had directed great affairs, what, if any, are its weak points, other than those which, however important, are not of its essence, and to which I have pointedly called attention at the outset of these remarks.

If Chesterfield's method, with the large modifications which have been suggested, is not the best education for a statesman before he is old enough to take a part in politics, then which is the best?

That is a question which *les classes dirigeantes* in all countries had better ask and answer wisely, if they are not ere long to be contemptuously thrust aside by the new social strata as *les classes dérangées*. Let them show that they are fit to lead, and they will continue to do so for many a long day, at least in England. They have wealth and hereditary predispo-

sition in their favor; why should they not add to these advantages a reasonable amount of taking trouble?

When every other avocation is beginning to discard mere rule of thumb, perhaps a little more systematic training for the most dignified of all avocations would not be wholly amiss. From time to time some political genius appears who seems so great that no training would have made him greater. That, however, is probably an optical illusion, produced by the atmosphere of admiration through which we gaze on him. Even in medicine we hear of wonderful things being done by irregular practitioners. An orthodox physician said disparagingly of one of these who was attending a friend of mine the other day, "*Ce n'est pas un médecin, c'est un guérisseur!*" We may smile at that, but none the less do we usually prefer that our medical attendants should have been educated for their profession.

M. E. GRANT-DUFF.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PLEADING AND THE SENTENCE.

THE counsel for the crown told his version of the story. He enlarged upon the circumstance that the prisoner, who had been the ringleader in the crime which had brought him and his abettor to that bar, had come a stranger to the country, and had been treated with unsuspicious hospitality by the very man who was to prove his victim.

In spite of what was due to the outraged feelings of an estimable and innocent lady and of her relations who were involved in the painful affair, the speaker was forced to touch on the provocation to the crime — the imagined rivalry in the lady's affections, which had roused to a pitch of unreasoning fury the violent passions of a young man from whom the public had a right to expect self-control. But there had been no sign of the slightest attempt at mastering himself on the part of the prisoner, who, instead of practising self-restraint, had set himself to lead off others, winning over to his purpose two men of a class far inferior to his own, and entirely without his advantages of education and

familiarity with the requirements of society.

It was impossible to deny that the prisoner Tempest had possessed a full knowledge throughout his acquaintance with the lady, who had been so unhappy as to attract his regard, that there existed a good and sufficient reason to any gentleman and man of honor why he should at once withdraw his unwarrantable pretensions. He chose, on the contrary, to follow the betrothed of another man with attentions, which, if she thought of them at all, she might well be excused for viewing as idle, and as bestowed at his own risk, since he had been distinctly informed of her engagement to the deceased.

At the same time it was easy to understand that these were circumstances in which the favored suitor — however much in the confidence of the object of his suit and satisfied of her fidelity to the contract between them — would feel justified in hurrying on the marriage, were it only to free the lady from overtures implied or expressed, which no social importance of the audacious admirer could render acceptable, which forbearance had failed to prevent, and which savored at once of unmanly persecution of a woman, and insolent interference with a man's dearest prerogative.

This was the line of conduct very naturally and properly adopted by the late Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt, and there was no doubt he would have been perfectly successful in his object. No visitor in the country, however arrogant his pretensions or wilful his fancies, would have dared to approach the wedded wife as he solicited the notice of the promised bride.

But Mr. Tempest's ill-regulated nature and unscrupulous system of retaliation had prevailed over all precautions, and brought about the deplorable sequel. The crown would prove that after the date of the marriage had been fixed and was near at hand, Tempest, who was apprised of the arrangement, far from quitting the field, as common respect for the lady he professed to love would have compelled him to do, was spurred on by jealous rage till he was guilty of lawless violence in addition to presumptuous protest and unmanly importunity. He laid the ambush which was destined to prove fatal.

The gentlemen of the jury had heard from the first witness that this violence had taken a somewhat remarkable form. Mr. Tempest had planned to waylay the bridegroom on the morning of the marriage-day on the road to the manse of

Fearnavoil, the residence of the bride's father, where the ceremony was to be performed.

What was the purpose of this waylaying? The witness he had referred to had given them an explanation as singular as the performance itself. Aulay Macgregor, who along with his brother David — standing there a prisoner beside his tempter and employer — had been in Mr. Tempest's service. He told the court that they, the Macgregors, were hired to accompany their leader to a spot known as Craig Crotach in the Bride's Pass, with the design of intercepting and carrying off Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt to a remote disused sheiling known to the conspirators. Macdonald was to be detained there for some days, till his captors, or captor — for there was only one moving spirit, as there was substantially but one interest in the transaction — acting after the fashion of a Sicilian brigand or an Algerine pirate, induced the captive, under fear of unknown penalties — a fear which, by the way, was totally out of keeping with Mr. Macdonald's character — to come to terms. These terms included the final relinquishment of the interrupted marriage. In short, Tempest was to use, or abuse, Drumchatt's absence, which in those days of order and peace must have been incomprehensible, unless under one insulting explanation, to induce Miss Macdonald, Fearnavoil, and her relations for her, to renounce their obligation to their kinsman, and promote Tempest himself to the vacant place. For when bridegrooms have failed to appear on their wedding-days — and no doubt there have been such dastardly disappearances — brides and their relatives, in the first pang of wounded feeling and the intolerable sting of mortified self-respect, have been supposed willing to accept in haste substitutes, worthy or unworthy.

Could this have been Tempest's argument? Had there ever been the most distant chance of such an absurd, discreditable plot's being crowned with success? Even then it would have been a case of conspiracy, an attempt to carry off a man by force, and must have rendered the perpetrators seriously amenable to the laws of the land; unless, indeed, poor Drumchatt had been won over, not merely to the relinquishment of his marriage, but also to a weak, immoral, and monstrous condoning of his betrayal, and a connivance at his enemy's escape. And such an unreasonable expectation, had it been entertained, must have existed in the face of the circumstance that the victim, though a

young man in delicate health, was not without a reputation for firmness of purpose and soundness of judgment.

But the speaker would not put the jury's credulity to so severe a test. He would not ask them, or any moderately sane man, to believe Aulay Macgregor's narrative further than to conclude that the man himself had been imposed upon; that the inducement presented to him had been insidiously framed to take the shape of a fit piece of revenge for an old clan grudge. An old tradition, which accounted for the name of the Bride's Pass, asserted that Gillies Macgregor, these two brothers' ancestor, had been stopped on his wedding morning at the rock of the Crottach by an ancestor of Donald Drumchatt's, and there had been an end to that marriage after its liveries had been "turned up with crimson."

But this wild and cruel tragedy had happened when the country was half barbarous, hundreds of years before. Was it credible that a young Englishman of position, with many social advantages—including a university education—would propose to reenact it in the mildest or the meanest form? Was it not far more probable that Tempest had only employed the tradition as an attractive bait, in addition to the money bribe offered to the Macgregors? Or if the old story influenced him further, was it not simply a fantastic cloak for a more comprehensible, though not a more honorable or merciful intention?

The gentlemen of the jury would hear from his learned friend, the counsel for the prisoner, that Mr. Tempest was very young, very romantic, very foolish; that he had drunk deep of all the legends of the country till they had intoxicated his imagination and stupefied his reason, till he was driven, like another Don Quixote, to clothe them in grotesque deeds. But there were limits to the romance and folly of youth, even to its theatrical imitation of the false heroism of the past.

He would concede this much, that the legend of the Bride's Pass might have been in Mr. Tempest's distempered thoughts and permitted to color his actions. But there was method in his madness, or, rather, the madness was a feint. For anything more the speaker thought—no, he would not trouble the court with thoughts—his conviction was that, the days of duelling being over, the miserable young man, having sought in vain to fasten a quarrel on Drumchatt, had fallen on this device to secure a meeting and give vent to his rage. That either hatred or love

should hold an unbridled pre-eminence over all wiser, juster, more humane considerations in this advanced age of the world's history, was in itself a marvel, and one which rendered the individual who could indulge in such license a source of peril, and, therefore, of authorized reprobation to society. But, at least, it was a marvel not altogether without precedent or beyond belief.

There were other grave features in the case to which it was his duty to call their attention. He would point out that the attack had been of the most dastardly description, the surprise of an unprepared, defenceless man by three to one, the blow dealt with all the force which passion could lend to a muscular arm against a gentleman notoriously in a weak state of health—though the medical testimony had established the fact that the cause of Drumchatt's death was the breaking of his ribs and injury to his lungs by the blow, without which he might have lived for years, even survived to a good old age.

The counsel alluded to the generous words which Drumchatt, in his dying deposition, had spoken for his slayer, that the stroke had not been directed with the deliberate intention of occasioning his death. To the advocate, as to most of his hearers, the magnanimity of the sufferer only added to the heinousness of the crime. Not content with this advantage, the pleader went on to insist—very gratuitously, as some persons present held—but then the stern integrity of the law must be vindicated—on another point which had to be taken into consideration. He reminded the jury that in most cases it would be hard to show that the guilty man had started on the commission of his crime with a perfect knowledge of what he was about to do. Was not blind fury a sufficient provocation to manslaughter? But even manslaughter implied, to his mind, an accidental encounter as well as a swift act on the impulse of the moment. Two of the most potent motives to crime were cupidity and the craving necessity for a man to remove a stumbling-block from his path. Did the thief who, to secure his spoil and prevent discovery, ruthlessly felled to the ground any creature who barred his progress, clearly conceive beforehand the double-dyed guilt and danger he would incur in his lawless course? Did the man who had some secret to conceal, which an enemy threatened to bring to light, or some antagonist whom he had grown to believe was the sole obstacle between him and success, distinctly apprehend, in his

frantic effort to clear his way, that there was but one brutal means to attain his end? And the speaker put it to the jury, would it be right for the world at large, that a dead man's magnanimity, however fine it might be in the abstract, and however much they might be touched by it, should be allowed to interfere with the course of justice?

Throughout his speech the counsel for the prosecution had treated David Macgregor as a mere tool in the hands of his employer. And in the end the advocate contented himself with reminding the jury that though Macgregor had not struck the blow which had proved fatal to Macdonald of Drumchatt, the evidence left not the shadow of a doubt that the second prisoner had been art and part in the conspiracy which had enabled Tempest to carry out his revenge. It remained for the jury to decide how far complicity in the way-laying and assault on the murdered man involved Macgregor in the guilt of the murder.

The counsel concluded by reasserting and re-urging the presumption that the ambush was a barefaced ruse of Tempest's, entered into with the sole purpose of enabling him to wreak his ungovernable rage on his victim. The prosecution relied on the jury's finding the prisoner guilty of the crime with which he stood charged.

Frank Tempest heard it all, sitting motionlessly in his place, for all his old, free, restless gestures were gone. Sometimes he had the idea that he was listening to the story of a third person with whom he had nothing to do. Sometimes he got confused, and wondered if the lawyer fellow were right, and he had really been half the insolent coxcomb, half the brutal bully he was so eloquently described. At the allegation of cowardice he colored slightly, but his spirit was so broken that he felt no lively resentment at the charge. Perhaps it was as true as the other inferences; at least one assertion was very true, that Drumchatt's interposition in his behalf made an absolute villain of him.

Frank Tempest's counsel, in proportion to the largeness of his fee and the reputation which had won it, made the defence short. There was no room to dispute the committal of the crime on the prisoner's part, and so the speaker would not waste precious time, or try the patience and provoke the spleen of the jury by seeking with ill-spent ingenuity to fight every inch of the ground which he could not hope to conquer. Neither would he strive to show that black was white. He quietly

took for granted that all had happened as they had been told. After his one unsuccessful essay to throw a share of the blame on Mrs. Macdonald, Drumchatt, he put out his whole strength in procuring a mild sentence on the prisoner, by his own moderation, and in virtue of certain principles in human nature which he had seldom found to fail. He depended a good deal on that disarming of hostility which is produced by a man — or his counsel for him — throwing himself on his neighbor's mercy, particularly when he could add to his appeal the redeeming touches that belonged to Frank's youth and its rashness, and to the good character he had previously borne both at his university and in the world, to which his former tutor, and men like Lord Moydart, had gone readily into the witness-box to testify. The counsel could give a fine finish to this part of his pleading by making cautious and restrained use — so as not to offend the *esprit de corps* of any other class — of the glamor, which, let the world wax as democratic as it will, still waits on gentle birth, high connections, and great expectations. He hinted — all the more impressively that his tone was a little mysterious in its guarded, respectful inference — of far-reaching interests bound up with the result of this trial. He adverted to the old and honorable name borne by a long line of noble and distinguished ancestors — a name which had flourished in very different courts from that in which, alas! it was now being dragged through the mire. He hazarded a delicate impressive allusion to the terrible reverses which are to be found in families, since the prisoner's father, who had been mercifully spared living to witness his son's fate, had in his time worn her Majesty's ermine, and no worthier or more honored judge had ever dispensed justice. He suggested sorrowfully that what had been might be again, that what was true of this once unsullied name and excellent family, might yet be the evil case of the most cherished name, and the happiest household among themselves. He did not hesitate, therefore, to appeal to the jury to do what their sense of right would permit them to do to hinder the ruin of name and fame being complete and beyond remedy.

Then the man, who was far too great in his own calling not to have a strong imagination and a vein of poetic feeling in his nature, availed himself admirably of the romance of the situation. He described the youthful enthusiasm carried away by the savage scenery, and the savage legends which were the spirit of the

scenery, the passion of love further entralling and intoxicating the unfortunate young man, and the cross in love which came to him at the moment when he could least bear it, and rendered him beside himself. It drove him on any mad enterprise — suggested by the wild stories he had been listening to so long — that could stay the end. The speaker would be the last man in the world to defend, or even palliate, the foolish and reckless scheme Mr. Tempest had been so far left to himself as to concoct. But he begged to be allowed to confute the counsel for the prosecution's matter-of-fact persuasion, that no such fantastic project could enter into the fevered brain of an educated young man of the nineteenth century.

Having done his best to withdraw Frank Tempest from the ranks of impostors and assassins, the orator proceeded to prove the truth of his assertion, commenting on the shock inflicted on the unhappy lad, recalling him at once to his senses, by the desperate injury done unwittingly to his rival, with Frank Tempest's instant remorse and futile effort at atonement. And when the ill-omened encounter was over — and here the advocate made another telling point of the few facts in his favor — Mr. Tempest, so far from being engrossed with making provision for his own safety, by taking measures, in case of the worst, to secure his escape, which he could easily have done, which even a comparatively innocent man might have been excused for doing, showed himself, on the contrary, only concerned for the condition of the injured man, and incapable of shirking the consequences of his own deed. What was the course pursued by this rash young man, whom the counsel for the prosecution had sought to represent as deliberately and deceitfully planning and bringing to pass a scheme of deadly vengeance on his victim? Mr. Tempest went to Castle Moydart to Lord Moydart, who was a justice of the peace, and of his own free will accompanied the magistrate to this town and gave himself up to the fiscal, to await the result of the disastrous accident to Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt. The advocate could not say anything of more force on his client's behalf, than by repeating the candid, manly admission on the part of the lamented gentleman who was the first, but by no means the only, or even the greatest victim, of the tragedy — however lenient the jury might show themselves. Mr. Macdonald, Drumchatt, had stated with his dying breath that he did not believe his assailant intended to do him serious bodily

harm by the blow which was struck in the heat and confusion of the scuffle.

The counsel craved leave to remind the jury that Frank Tempest had already undergone a lengthened term of imprisonment — no mean ordeal alike to the bodily and mental constitution of a man brought up as he had been. But it was a trifle light as air compared to the peace of mind, the respect and regard of his fellow-men, miserably forfeited by a young man who had shown himself guiltless of all brutality, nay, who had been an honorable and kindly young fellow up to a certain date when he had yielded to the evil possession belonging to a few weeks at most.

No further punishment which the jury's verdict could serve to inflict on the prisoner — though it might very well extend and perpetuate indefinitely the distress Tempest was suffering among innocent people — could equal the punishment he had already incurred and must make up his mind to endure, in the unavailing regret which would darken the whole term of a life that had been originally full of promise. He had full faith that the gentlemen of the jury would feel satisfied with the heavy retribution which had followed hard on a fit of folly and frenzy. They would hold it had already borne ample fruit in suffering to all concerned. They would be unwilling to stain indelibly an honorable name which had deserved well of the country, and which was already sufficiently tarnished. They would not see it to be their duty — they would act as men who tempered justice with mercy, and recoil from what would be virtually condemning a young man to ruin for a solitary misdeed however grave — and no one could regard the magnitude of his offence more bitterly than the prisoner himself now regarded it. No, the counsel was confident that the jury would see themselves justified in seeking to procure for the prisoner as mild a sentence as the law would allow.

When the learned counsel resumed his seat it was unmistakable that, however inflexibly the jury might retain their impassive faces, he had produced an impression on the court at large. Lady Jean shook hands eagerly with all around her. Laura Hopkins explained to her mother, in some perplexity, that Frank Tempest had not done anything much amiss after all, though to be sure Drumchatt was killed — Mr. Tempest would certainly be set at liberty. But whether or not it would be awkward to retain as an acquaintance a man who had been tried for murder, she must wait till she consulted Lady Jean to be able to

decide. She daresay papa would object to the acquaintance, but they must admit that papa, though the best and dearest papa in the world, had many old-fashioned prejudices.

David Macgregor's counsel had his little say on his client's innocence of all, save the ignorant abetting of his master for the time.

The judge summed up the evidence and addressed the jury with that strict and sober impartiality that becomes the bench, which throws cold water on both sides alike, and tests to the utmost limit the self-control of all the persons interested in the trial.

In this case the judge had not found in the evidence that the counsel for the prosecution had sufficient warrant for his assertion of a presumption that the prisoner Tempest had a more sinister motive for the ambuscade in the pass, than that which he had alleged to his fellow-conspirators, namely, the carrying off of the late Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt. But carrying off a man with violence, ending as it had done in this instance fatally, was a grave crime. And the fact that the criminal was a young man of position and education who ought to have known better, served only in the judge's estimation to heighten his guilt. He could not sanction the plea of the prisoner's counsel that youth and rashness, excited passions and a distempered imagination afforded any excuse for a crime, the commission of which had been proven. As to holding that the prisoner was already sufficiently punished, and could safely be left to his own conscience—that course might be urged in any criminal case with what detriment to the majesty of the law, and what evil consequences to society, since the millennium was not yet come, he need not point out. He hastened to put the leading features of the case in the possession of the jury. He pointed out to them in a few weighty sentences the gist of the matter, and impressed on them the distinction with regard to the second prisoner—that Macgregor, however concerned in a scheme against the liberty of the subject, had not been guilty of any overt act of violence further than what was implied in seizing the bridle of Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt's pony. The judge wound up by charging the jury to return their verdict without prejudice or partiality, expressing his conviction that they would do their duty.

The jury retired, and the close attention on the part of the main body of the

audience and the barristers who had flocked to listen to the case, relaxed. Now was the time for conversation, all the livelier on account of its long suppression, for the exchange of oracular opinions, the supplying of titbits of information, even the consumption of such refreshments as had been smuggled into the court. But to the prisoners and their friends this unemployed interval, while the finding of the jury is delayed, is frequently the last straw that breaks the camel's back, an intolerable strain on the nerves which no ostentatious show of ease or loud profession of indifference can conceal. But on the occasion of Frank Tempest's trial, there were four persons more or less interested, who, however keenly they felt, did not find it necessary to assume an air of carelessness, or to assert their certainty of a speedy deliverance. One was the haggard young prisoner, and the others were the little group in mourning near the door. All these sat silent and quiet till—after not more than a quarter of an hour's absence—the jury returned, and announced by the foreman their unanimous verdict.

They found, amidst breathless silence once more, the prisoner Tempest guilty of manslaughter, committed in an attempt to carry off by force the late Mr. Macdonald of Drumchatt.

They found David Macgregor not guilty in the first charge of murder—guilty in the second of conspiracy and an attempt to carry off with violence.

The judge delivered sentence. He expressed briefly his approval of the verdict of the jury. He was in his experience unable to see how they could have arrived at any other conclusion; at the same time he wished to take into account the extenuating circumstances. In consideration of the youth and previous good character of the first prisoner, and in view of the fact that the second had been simply accessory to the crime of which he had been found guilty, he sentenced Francis Delaval Tempest to seven years' penal servitude, and David Macgregor to one year's imprisonment with hard labor.

No cry, not even a murmur broke the absolute stillness, and the first sound heard was the prisoner's voice, speaking huskily and mechanically, but quite audibly. He had stood up with his companion to receive his sentence; and without much thought of court etiquette and decorum, he felt bound to respond to it, even while his lips whitened under a dim sense of the horror of his future. "I acknowledge the justice of the sentence," he said, and, as

he spoke, his eyes strayed—not to the company of relatives and friends, among whom his aunt, Lady Sophia, was leaning back heavily on the arm which her husband had thrown round her, while Lady Moydart was bathing her friend's temples with eau-de-cologne—but to the little group in mourning, sitting, as if turned to stone, by the door. "I beg nobody will be sorry that I have got what I deserve."

An instantaneous effect, the reverse of what Frank Tempest intended, was produced in the crowded court. The scale was turned in a twinkling. A sudden murmur of commiseration almost amounting to a tumultuous movement arose, and it was several minutes before the usher, with his emphatic reminder of the respect which was due to the dispensation of justice, could hush it. "Poor misguided young shentleman, what ruin, what degradation! Tavit Macgregor would be none the worse, and Aulay, the traitor, had got off, but for another smear on his character, which had been by no means very clean to begin with. But the poor young shentleman who had loved the country, though he had killed Drumchatt by mistake—he was done for, and would never hold up his head again. Oh, ay, it would be a hard sentence, a very hard sentence, of which the young shentleman had owned the fairness like a man. And it had been a very fine trial, and people could not expect to see the like again for many a year."

From The Contemporary Review.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.*

THE appearance of a new edition of Mr. Bigelow's "Life of Franklin" may be, we trust, the means of calling the attention of the reading public in England to a remarkable book, and of modifying in some respects the popular judgment of a more remarkable man. It has often struck us as strange that Franklin should never, in the last hundred years, have become popular in England—should rather, indeed, have been regarded with distrust, if not with dislike, even up to the present time. There is much in his career, as well as in his personal qualities and character, which appeals to popular instincts, and would have led one to expect a very

different appreciation of the great New Englander. He was one of the class of self-made men, so indiscriminately honored by the British public; and a self-made man in the best sense, who had fought his own way to the front, not only without any advantages of birth or education, but with perfectly clean hands: in the moderate fortune he left behind him there was not a dirty shilling. Of the remarkable group of revolutionary leaders in the great struggle of the colonies, he was the only one in the first rank not gentle born: all the rest were of the gentry—Washington, Madison, and Jefferson, the sons of Virginian planters; Adams, Hamilton, and Jay, of leading New England and New York families—and all of them brought the highest culture the colonies could give to their great work. But Franklin's father (though of good yeoman stock in the old country, which he had left when quite young) worked still with his own hands at his trade of tallow-chandler in Boston, and took Benjamin, the youngest of his ten children, away from school at the age of nine to help him. One would have expected this fact to tell in his favor in England, where, though birth and privilege enjoy a superstitious reverence and immense advantages in the race of life, the deepest popular instincts are after all decidedly democratic. Then, again, he had all the qualities supposed to be most highly valued by Englishmen: he was an excellent son, husband, and father; moral and temperate from his youth up, but without a tinge of asceticism; scrupulously punctual and exact in money-matters, but open-handed; full of courtesy, sagacity, and humor. He was probably the most popular, certainly the most prolific author of his day. His paper was the most influential in America, and poor Richard's sayings were in every one's mouth both there and in England. He published works of mark in natural philosophy, politics, political and social economy, morals, and general literature. His discoveries and inventions ranged from the lightning conductor to cures for smoky chimneys—his ingenious speculations, from magnetism and ballooning to cheap cookery; and he gave every invention and speculation freely to the world, having never taken out a patent or claimed protection of any kind. He was a staunch free-trader, and an advocate for the rights of neutrals in war, and of the claim that free ships should make free goods. He was decidedly the most successful man of his day—a quality at

* *The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself.* Now first Edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and other Writings, by JOHN BIGELOW. 3 vols. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

least as devoutly worshipped in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century. His position at Paris in the ten years from 1775 to 1785 — first as one of three commissioners, afterwards as minister plenipotentiary for the United States — was quite unique; and the figure, full of interest, of the old shopkeeper and journalist, in his plain suit and spectacles — ingeniously adjusted so that the upper half of the glasses served him in society, and the lower half for reading — wearing his own white hair in the midst of all the befrizzed and bew powdered courtiers of the *ancien régime*; a plain, outspoken republican, not only holding his own, but the most popular man of the day with the royal family, the aristocracy, the ministers (except Chancellor Necker, who had to find him money for subsidies and warlike supplies); an honored member not only of the Academy and every Continental learned society of note, but of the Royal Society of England, with whose leading members he was in friendly correspondence in spite of the war; of whom there were more medals, medallions, busts, and pictures than his biographer can count up, so that his face was the best known of any on both sides of the Atlantic, — surely it is strange that so singularly attractive a figure should never have fairly found its place of honor in the country of which he was all but born a citizen, where he spent thirteen of his best years, and with whose foremost statesmen and learned men he was on affectionate intimacy up to the day of his death.

So, however, it has been, and though complete editions of Franklin's works and numerous biographies have been published, not only in America, but in France, Italy, and Germany, within the present century, one slight biographical sketch in "Chambers's Cheap Library," and one article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1806, remain the only notices which have issued from the English press of the greatest of American philosophers and diplomatists. To the English reading public, therefore, the stalwart historical figure which, in all its many-sided attractiveness and strength, is so well brought out in these volumes of Mr. Bigelow's, will be almost a stranger, though it is scarcely possible, we should think, that it will continue to be so. The book is not only of deep interest, but is a literary experiment of a novel kind. It consists first of the autobiography written by Franklin for his son — comprising the first fifty years of his life, and here published for the first time from the original

manuscript, of which Mr. Bigelow became possessed during his residence as minister of the United States in France; and secondly, of a history of the remaining thirty-five years, compiled, indeed, and edited by Mr. Bigelow, but really a continuation of the autobiography, as it consists entirely of extracts from Franklin's diary, correspondence, despatches, and speeches, so that from beginning to end he is telling the story of his own life in his own words. In ordinary cases such an attempt must have ended in failure, but the extraordinary activity of Franklin as a correspondent with private friends, and the conscientious regularity and fulness of his public correspondence, have enabled Mr. Bigelow, with the help of a quite insignificant supplement in the shape of occasional notes, to sustain the interest of the narrative, and to give us a complete picture of Franklin painted by himself, in a book which we have no doubt is destined to remain a classic for all English-speaking people.

We propose here to consider, in such detail as our space will allow, the prejudices, political and religious, which have obscured Franklin's fame in England, and upon which Mr. Bigelow's volumes throw a flood of light. The first are founded on the belief that Franklin, while resident in England and a civil servant of the crown, was undermining the allegiance of the colonies and fanning their discontent, and that, above all, he was the one American commissioner who desired to humiliate England and to impose unworthy terms on her at the close of the war; the second on the belief that, while professing Christianity, he was in fact a sceptic, who veiled real hostility under a cloak of toleration and friendliness to all churches and denominations.

First, then, as to the conduct of Franklin during the final negotiations for peace in 1782-83. In order to judge this fairly it is necessary to bear in mind what had happened in England years before when he was agent for the colonies. He came to England in 1757 as agent for Pennsylvania, with a European reputation as a man of science, and an English reputation as an able administrator who had made the post-office in America a paying department, and soon obtained the confidence of the leading statesmen and politicians. One of his first acts was strong opposition to the contemplated abandonment of Canada to France at the end of the Seven Years' War. "No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Can-

ada, and this not merely as a colonist, but as a Briton. I have long been of opinion," he writes in January, 1760, "that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever erected. I am therefore by no means for restoring Canada. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will in another century be filled with British people. Britain itself will become vastly more populous by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the whole globe, and awe the world." He adds playfully that his correspondent (Lord Kames) will think these notions the ravings of a mad prophet. In the same earnest desire for the greatness and prosperity of the empire, he pleads, though with serious misgivings, after the commencement of the troubles seven years later: "Upon the whole, I have lived so great a part of my life in Britain, and have formed so many friendships in it, that I love it and sincerely wish it prosperity, and therefore wish to see that union on which I think it can alone be secured and established. As to America, the advantages of such an union to her are not so apparent;" and after speaking of the certainty of America's becoming populous and mighty "in a less time than is generally conceived," and able to shake off all shackles which might be imposed on her, and insisting that the seeds of liberty are universally found there, and nothing can eradicate them, he adds: "And yet there remains among that people so much respect, veneration, and affection for Britain that, if cultivated prudently, with a kind usage and tenderness for their privileges, they might be easily governed still for ages, without force or any considerable expense. But I do not see here a sufficient quantity of the wisdom that is necessary to produce such a conduct, and I lament the want of it."

So in his evidence before the committee of the whole House of Commons on the Stamps Act, in 1766, while declaring in the plainest terms that the colonies would never submit to pay the stamp duty unless compelled by force of arms, he urged that if aids to the crown were needed, and were asked for in their own

Assemblies according to old-established usage, they would be freely granted, and that the colonies had never murmured at having paid more than their fair proportion of the costs of the French war, because they esteemed their sovereign's approbation of their zeal and fidelity, and the approbation of this House, far beyond any other kind of compensation. If the Imperial Parliament desired the right to tax the colonies, it could only obtain it by admitting representatives from the people to be taxed.

His evidence on this occasion, besides causing the repeal of the Stamp Act within a month, made him at once the most trusted man on both sides of the Atlantic. In the same spirit he worked on for years while the clouds were gathering more and more darkly, now warning the assemblies not to use such expressions in their "public pieces as 'the supreme authority of Parliament,' and the like, which, in reality, mean nothing if our Assemblies with the king have a true legislative authority, and are too strong for compliment, as tending to confirm a claim of subjects in one part of the king's dominions to be sovereigns over their fellow-subjects, when in truth they have no such right;" now urging in them, in favor of maintaining the union, that were the general sentiments of England consulted, the terms asked would be at least equitable, for that, "except where the spirit of Toryism prevails, they wish us well and that we may preserve our liberties."

It was not, in fact, until 1774, on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, that Franklin's position changed, and his hope of a reconciliation between England and the colonies gave way. No doubt a personal insult did much to weaken his efforts for peace during the last year of his English residence. He had become convinced that the irritation between the two countries was fanned by officers in the provinces, who reported falsely to the home government on the condition of affairs and the temper of the colonists; and he was confirmed in his suspicions by copies of letters from the governor of Massachusetts and others which came to his hands. It is not known how these letters were obtained, as Franklin would never say anything except that he came by them honorably. He sent them to the Assemblies, in the hope of lessening the breach between the two countries by showing that "the injuries complained of by one of them did not proceed from the other, but from traitors amongst themselves;" and their pub-

lication brought on him at once the bitter enmity of a host of powerful men in England. This broke out on the occasion of the presentation of the petition of Massachusetts for the recall of Governor Hutchinson. After long delay it was at last heard before the Privy Council at the Cockpit, Westminster, thirty-five lords being present. When the case for the petitioners had been opened by Dunning, Wedderburn, the solicitor-general, replied for the crown. After giving what he called a history of the province for the past ten years, full of abuse of the Assembly and praise of the governors, he turned upon Franklin and poured out for an hour a flood of (to use Lord Shelburne's words) "scurrilous invective," encouraged by the thirty-five lords, "the indecency of whose behavior exceeded, as is agreed on all hands, that of any committee of election." He accused Franklin of being the cause of all the troubles, and in concluding compared the doctor to Zanga in the play of "Revenge," and quoting the lines,

Know then 'twas I :

I forged the letter, I disposed the picture ;
I hated, I despised, and I destroy,

ended his diatribe with, "I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction to the bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American !"

In chapter viii., vol. ii., will be found Franklin's account to his government of these transactions. That he felt and resented very keenly the insult to himself, and from this time took up a very different attitude to the English government, is no doubt true. He was not the man to overlook personal slights, and no one could bide his time more patiently, or hit back harder when that time came. But, greatly to his credit, he did not even then allow his personal feelings to interfere with his duty as agent to the colonies, and he felt the rejection of the petition more on their account than his own. "What I feel on my own account," he writes, "is half lost in what I feel for the public. When I see that all petitions and complaints of grievances are so odious to government that even the mere pipe which conveys them becomes obnoxious, I am at a loss to know how peace and union are to be maintained or restored between the different parts of the empire." And, though now thoroughly distrustful of the English government and Parliament, he still continued to work for reconciliation so loyally as to bring on himself the suspicion of the colo-

nial Assemblies. He has to assure his constituents of the falseness of reports that he is still in favor at court and with the ministers. "I have seen no minister since January, nor had the least communication with them. The generous and noble friends of America in both Houses do indeed favor me with their notice and regard, but they are in disgrace at court, as well as myself." These generous and noble friends did their best indeed to atone for the insolent folly of the government. The greatest of them, Lord Chatham, sought out Franklin, before moving in the House of Lords on American affairs, to set his judgment by Franklin's, "as men set their watches by a regulator." "He stayed with me near two hours, his equipage waiting at the door" (in Craven Street); "and being there while people were coming from church, it was much taken notice of and talked of, as at that time was every little circumstance that men thought might possibly affect American affairs. Such a visit from so great a man on so important a business flattered greatly my vanity, and the honor of it gave me the more pleasure as it happened on the very day twelve months that the ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the Privy Council." Lord Stanhope, by Lord Chatham's request, brought Franklin to the bar of the House of Lords when he introduced his plan for the conciliation of the colonies. In moving its rejection, Lord Sandwich declared he "could not believe it the production of an English peer. It appeared to him rather the work of some American; and, turning his face towards me, who was leaning on the bar, said he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up, one of the most bitter and mischievous enemies this country had ever known. This drew the eyes of many lords upon me, but, as I had no inducement to take it to myself, I kept my countenance as immovable as if my features had been made of wood." Notwithstanding the efforts of the Duke of Richmond, Lords Shelburne, Camden, and others, Chatham's plan was summarily rejected, leaving Franklin to moralize on the absurdity of such a body claiming sovereignty over three millions of virtuous people in America, when they seemed to have scarce discretion to govern a herd of swine. "Hereditary legislators! thought I: there would be more propriety, because less mischief, in having (as in some university of Germany) hereditary professors of mathematics." Still, to the last he never allowed himself to neglect the least

chance of accommodating the difficulties between the two countries. After the Boston tea-riots had for a moment brought the English government to its senses, and induced them to re-open negotiations, he gave the most convincing proof of his loyalty as a friend of peace by offering (in the absence of instructions) himself to guarantee the payment of the value of the tea thrown into Boston harbor if the Massachusetts Acts were at once repealed, thereby risking his whole private fortune; while to the offers of the ministry, through Lord Howe, of immediate payment of the arrears of his salary, ample appointments for himself and his friends, and other subsequent rewards in consideration of his help in this crisis, his reply was, "I shall deem it a great honor to be in any shape joined with your lordship in so good a work, but if you hope service from any influence I may be supposed to have, drop all thought of procuring me any previous favors from ministers; my accepting them would destroy the very influence you propose to make use of: they would be considered as so many bribes to betray the interests of my country."

We cannot within our limits do more than thus indicate in outline the course pursued by Franklin in those critical years ending in March, 1775, when, on the eve of war, he returned to America, hopeless of any settlement except by arms, and resolved to throw in his lot with his own country, and to devote all he possessed of fortune, experience, ability to her service. The more carefully the record is scrutinized the more difficult will the situation appear, and the more trustworthy and able the man who filled it.

After eighteen months at home, during which he sat in the second Congress as delegate, assisted in the compilation of the Declaration of Independence, and presided over the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, he went as envoy from the States to France, where he took up his residence at Passy, then a suburb of Paris, and remained till the end of the war. Before starting he converted all his available property into money, and lent the proceeds to the revolutionary government, and did his best to open Lord Howe's eyes to the real position of affairs in the colonies. That nobleman had taken the command of the British fleet, with a commission to treat with the insurgents in hopes of bringing about a reconciliation. For effecting this he relied much on his old friendship with Franklin and the remembrance of the efforts they had made together in England

for a like object. But Franklin, while giving him full credit for sincerity in his desire for peace and reunion, warns him that no peace except "as between distinct States now at war" will ever be accepted by the colonies. Such a peace might even yet be made if England would punish the governors who had created and fomented the discord, but he knows that Lord Howe has no power to offer, and that England in her abounding pride and deficient wisdom will not consent to, such terms. "Her fondness for conquest as a warlike nation, her lust of dominion as an ambitious one, and her thirst for a gainful monopoly as a commercial one (none of them legitimate causes of war), will all join to hide from her eyes every view of her true interests. . . . Long did I endeavor, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble china vase, the British empire; for I knew that, once broken, the separate parts could not even retain their share of the strength or value that existed in the whole, and that a perfect reunion could scarce ever be hoped for. Your lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wet my cheek when at your good sister's in London you once gave me hopes that a reconciliation might soon take place. I had the misfortune to find those expectations disappointed, and to be treated as the cause of the mischief I was laboring to prevent. My consolation under that groundless and malevolent treatment was that I retained the friendship of many wise and good men in that country, and among the rest some share in the regard of Lord Howe."

From December, 1776, to July, 1785, Franklin represented the colonies at the French court, proving himself a diplomatist of the first rank, and rendering his country, in her extreme need, services only second to those of George Washington. Within a few months of his landing he had roused in France an enthusiasm for the American cause which he was able to maintain through good and evil fortunes till the negotiations for peace. Deep as was the financial distress of France, and in spite of the opposition of Controller Necker, "who is not well disposed towards us, and is supposed to embarrass every measure to relieve us by grants of money," he obtained from that government loans amounting to eighteen millions, besides free gifts from the king of at least twelve millions, "for which no returns but that of gratitude and friendship are expected," and a guarantee for the loan from Holland. He retained the confidence of the French

court and ministers, in spite of the opportunity with which he had constantly to press for military and financial help, the efforts of jealous colleagues to undermine him, and of English friends (with whom he still corresponded) to wean him from the French alliance; and it was in great measure through his influence that Spain and Holland were brought into the alliance against England.

The delicacy of the position was such as to make it scarcely possible that accusations of unfaithfulness and insincerity should not be more or less plausibly made against the holder of it. As early as 1778, when the colonies were hardest pressed, emissaries from England were sounding Franklin as to a separate peace, and warning him to take care of his own safety. To one of these, Dr. Hartley, M.P., he replies characteristically: "I thank you for your kind caution, but having nearly finished a long life, I set but little value on what remains of it. Like a draper when one chaffers with him for a remnant, I am ready to say, 'As it is only the fag-end I will not differ with you about it: take it for what you please.' Perhaps the best use such an old fellow can be put to is to make a martyr of him." And again, in 1779, remonstrating with his old friend for thinking him capable of entertaining so base a proposal as the abandonment of the French alliance: "It is worse than advising us to drop the substance for the shadow. The dog after he found his mistake might possibly have recovered his mutton, but we could never hope to be trusted again by France, or, indeed, by any other nation under heaven. . . . We know the worst you can do to us, if you have your wish, is to confiscate our estates and take our lives, to rob and murder us; and this, you have seen, we are ready to hazard rather than come again under your detested government. You must observe, my dear friend, that I am a little warm. Excuse me. It is over; only let me counsel you not to think of being sent hither on so fruitless an errand." This attitude of entire readiness to treat as an independent nation, but not to treat separately, and in the mean time to leave no stone unturned for strengthening the allies and confounding the enemy of his country, was held by Franklin with perfect consistency until, after the change of ministry and the return of his old friend Lord Shelburne to the Colonial Office in 1782, negotiations became for the first time serious, and a peace possible.

It is in regard to these negotiations that

the prejudice arose against Franklin in England which has lasted till this day. He is supposed to have been vindictive and determined on forcing humiliating terms on England; to have shown unworthy suspicion himself of the English negotiators; to have instilled the same feeling into the minds of Messrs. Jay and Adams, his colleagues; and, lastly, to have been the cause of the ultimate refusal of all compensation to the loyalists, after having led the English government to expect his assistance in this matter, upon which the king and Lord Shelburne laid the greatest stress.

It is only as to the last of these that any ground exists for the prejudice in question, and that of the flimsiest kind. Early in the preliminary negotiations, Mr. Oswald, Lord Shelburne's agent, asked Franklin for a copy of a paper of notes prepared by the doctor, upon which they had been conferring as to the conditions which might possibly be entertained. The copy was given, and contained the suggestion that so much of the crown lands of Canada should be sold as would raise "a sufficient sum to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the royalists for the confiscation of their estates." The copy had scarcely left his hands when Franklin repented this suggestion, and, in reporting the negotiation to his colleague, John Adams, he omitted a copy of these "notes," merely giving their substance, as "on reflection I was not pleased with my having hinted a reparation to Tories for their forfeited estates, and I was a little ashamed of my weakness in allowing the paper to go out of my hands." With the exception of this suggestion, which occurred in an informal conversation, there appears to be no ground for the belief that he ever did or said anything to mislead the English government; but from that time he became undoubtedly the sternest of the American commissioners in his refusal to consider the case of the loyalists, amongst whom was his own son.

The charge of unworthy suspicion of the English negotiators stands upon even more slender foundations. So long as the negotiations were in Lord Shelburne's department, and conducted by Franklin's old friend Oswald, nothing could have been more frank than his conduct, if somewhat hard. But in June, 1782, Mr. Grenville appeared at Paris as a commissioner sent by Fox, then foreign secretary, who claimed that the whole matter was in his department, and who was in open antagonism

with Shelburne in the Cabinet on this and other questions. Under these circumstances greater reserve on Franklin's part was only natural. "We might get on very well with either of them," he writes, "though I should prefer Oswald. . . . Mr. Grenville is clever, and seems to feel reason as readily as Mr. Oswald, though not so ready to own it. Mr. Oswald appears quite plain and sincere: I sometimes doubt Mr. Grenville. Mr. Oswald, an old man, seems now to have no desire but that of being useful in doing good: Mr. Grenville, a young man, naturally desirous of acquiring reputation, seems to aim at that of being an able negotiator. . . . I apprehend difficulties if they are both employed." And as he apprehended, so it happened, and the negotiations made no progress till late in July, when, on Fox's retirement from the Cabinet, Grenville was recalled, leaving behind him in Paris a Parthian shaft, in the shape of a report that Lord Shelburne was even yet opposed to the acknowledgment of independence. Under such circumstances the first duty of a commissioner would be reserve; and it was not overdone by Franklin.

Nor can he be fairly accused of having insisted on harder terms than his colleagues from his wish to humiliate England. When one remembers that he had obtained from Oswald, before any article had been agreed to, the indiscreet admission, "Our enemies have the ball at their feet," the wonder is that harder terms were not insisted on by him. But, in fact, Franklin never changed his ground, while his colleagues undoubtedly did so. It was Jay, not Franklin, who stood out for a preliminary declaration of independence from England — Jay and Adams, not Franklin, who were afterwards prepared to waive such a declaration, and even to negotiate separately, when they found that the French minister, De Vergennes, was not unwilling that England should delay the recognition of independence, and that Aranda the Spaniard was tracing maps of the future boundaries of the United States which his government was prepared to propose. It is true that the other commissioners had little or no communication with Versailles, and (as Mr. Fitzherbert informed Lord Shelburne) "not only distrust but are strongly distrusted by the court, while Dr. Franklin keeps up (though perhaps in a less degree than formerly) his connection with the French minister, and on that account prevents his colleagues, with whom he has great influence, from persuading the American Congress to

abandon their intimate connection with the court of Versailles, and place a due degree of confidence in Great Britain." All which means only that Franklin and Shelburne, both thoroughly upright and able men, were fighting a keen battle, the former to emphasize and perpetuate the alliance between his country and France, the latter to separate France and America, and to cement as close an alliance as possible between the mother-country and the new-born nation, now that reunion had become impossible. That their friendship of a quarter of a century's standing suffered, is true, and much to be regretted; but there is nothing more honorable in either career than the part played by each of them in the negotiations which ended in the treaty of January, 1783. Looking back over the hundred years which have passed since their great work was achieved, both nations may be proud of the men who accomplished it: and we doubt if any Englishman who will take the trouble to study the record will rise from it with any feeling but admiration for the steady sagacity with which Franklin stood by the allies who — to serve their own purposes, no doubt, but still staunchly and loyally — had stood by the colonies in their long and arduous struggle for independence. On the other hand, he may cordially sympathize with Shelburne's estimate of "the dreadful price" which was to be offered to America for peace, and with his efforts to use that price as a means of separating America from France, and so of obtaining "not only peace, but reconciliation, upon the noblest terms, and by the noblest means."

The prejudice against Franklin on religious grounds is more intelligible, but quite as unreasonable. He was suspected of being a freethinker, and was professedly a philosopher and man of science; he was a friend of Tom Paine and other dreadful persons; he had actually published "An Abridgment of the Church Prayer-Book," dedicated "to the serious and discerning," by the use of which he had the audacity to suppose that religion would be furthered, unanimity increased, and a more frequent attendance on the worship of God secured. Any one of these charges was sufficient to ruin a man's religious reputation in respectable England of the last generation, but it is high time that amends were made in these days. Let us glance at the real facts. As a boy, Franklin had the disease which all thoughtful boys have to pass through, and puzzled himself with speculations as to the attri-

butes of God and the existence of evil, which landed him in the conclusion that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions. These views he published at the mature age of nineteen, but became disgusted with them almost immediately, and abandoned metaphysics for other more satisfactory studies. Living in the eighteenth century, when happiness was held to be "our being's end and aim," he seems to have now conformed to that popular belief; but as he came also to the conclusion that "the felicity of life" was to be attained through "truth, sincerity, and integrity in dealings between man and man," and acted up to his conclusion, no great objection from a moral or religious standpoint can be taken to this stage of his development. At the age of twenty-two he composed a little liturgy for his own use, which he fell back on when the sermons of the minister of the only Presbyterian church in Philadelphia had driven him from attendance at chapel. He did not, however, long remain unattached, and after his marriage joined the Church of England, in which he remained till the end of his life. What his sentiments were in middle life may be gathered from his advice to his daughter on the eve of his third departure for England: "Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer-Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to will do more toward amending the heart than sermons. . . . I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head as you seemed to express some inclination to leave our Church, which I would not have you do." As an old man of eighty, he reminded his colleagues of the National Convention (in moving unsuccessfully that there should be daily prayers before business) how in the beginnings of the contest with Britain "we had daily prayers in this room. . . . Do we imagine we no longer need assistance? I have lived now a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God rules in the affairs of men." Later yet, in answer to President Yates, of Yale College, who had pressed him on the subject, he writes, at the age of eighty-four, "Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe; that he governs it by his providence; that he ought to be worshipped.

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shipped; that the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this." These are his "fundamentals," beyond which he believes that Christ's system of morals and religion is the best the world is ever likely to see, though it has been much corrupted. As to the question of Christ's divinity, he will not dogmatize, "having never studied it, and thinking it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble." To another friend he speaks with cheerful courage of death, which "I shall submit to with the less regret as, having seen during a long life a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to the present hour." One more quotation we cannot resist; it is his farewell letter to his old friend David Hartley: "I cannot quit the coasts of Europe without taking leave of my old friend. We were long fellow-laborers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field, but, having finished my day's task, I am going home to bed. Wish me a good night's rest, as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu, and believe me ever yours most affectionately, — B. FRANKLIN."

As to his relations with Paine, they should have reassured instead of frightened the orthodox, for he did his best to keep the author of "The Rights of Man" from publishing his speculations. Franklin advises him that he will do himself mischief, and no benefit to others. "He who spits against the wind, spits in his own face." Paine is probably indebted to religion "for the habits of virtue on which you so justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank amongst our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add a word as to his revision of the prayer-book, now that the opinion of the Church — in England, at any rate — has come round to him. It is undoubtedly, even in

these days of innovation, a somewhat startling document, and shows a disregard of authority and a pursuit of brevity and clearness which mark it as the production of the native of a young and busy community, with no fear of critics before his eyes and the habit of making straight for his goal.

In our endeavor to remove the prejudices which have in great measure hindered the English public from appreciating and enjoying Franklin's life and writings, we have been unable to do more than indicate the charm which runs through the whole of these volumes, and which should win them a very wide popularity. We allude to the genial, sturdy, humorous common sense which, even more than his shrewdness, was the secret of his uniform success in the various and difficult tasks of his long career, from the founding of the first public library and the first fire-brigade in America, to the settlement of the terms of the peace of 1782 with the ablest European diplomatists. We may conclude, however, with a specimen or two of his characteristic sayings, in the hope that they may lead our readers to the book. When his daughter writes to him for lace and feathers, amongst other articles, from Paris, he replies by sending everything else, but declines to foster "the great pride with which she would wear anything he sent," showing it as her father's taste, with "If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail." "You are young, and have the world before you; *stoop*, as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." "A rogue hanged out of a family does it more honor than ten that live in it." "If there be a nation that exports its beef and linen to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while its people live on potatoes, wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve and sells his clothes to buy drink?" His opposition to the creation of the order of the Cincinnati in the States at the close of the war, and his suggestion that if "the Cincinnati go on with their project the badges should ascend to their fathers and mothers, instead of descending to their children, in obedience to the Fourth Commandment," is a delightful specimen of his method of preaching simplicity of life to

his countrymen, but too long for quotation, as are the well-known papers on the "Whistle," and his "Conversation with the Gout," and "The Wreckers."

The ideal American, as he has been painted for us of late, is a man who has shaken off the yoke of definite creeds, while retaining their moral essence, and finds the highest sanctions needed for the conduct of human life in experience tempered by common sense. Franklin is generally supposed to have reached this ideal by anticipation, and there is a half-truth in the supposition. But whoever will study this great master of practical life in the picture here painted by himself, will acknowledge that it is only superficially true, and that if he never lifts us above the earth or beyond the domain of experience and common sense, he retained himself a strong hold on the invisible which underlies it, and would have been the first to acknowledge that it was this which enabled him to control the accidents of birth, education, and position, and to earn the eternal gratitude and reverence of the great nation over whose birth he watched so wisely and whose character he did so much to form. THOMAS HUGHES.

From The Nineteenth Century.

OUR NEW WHEAT-FIELDS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

LAST season witnessed the development of a new wheat-growing district in the north-west of America of so extraordinary an extent, and surrounded by so much that is novel and unexpected, that an account of what is actually taking place in that little-known portion of the continent cannot but deserve attention, destined as it undoubtedly is to alter materially the sources from which Great Britain will derive her future supplies of breadstuffs, and possibly to interfere seriously with existing markets. The extensive territory now rapidly filling up with inhabitants, the reclamation of which only fairly commenced in the spring of 1878, exists on both banks of the Red River of the North, and on both sides of the international boundary between Canada and the United States. The fertile belt, of which this is the western extremity, sweeps then in a north-western direction some three hundred miles wide along the course of the two Saskatchewan Rivers, and forward to the Rocky Mountains of the west, embracing an area of at least two hundred

million acres, nearly the whole of which is to-day an untouched prairie of the richest description.

The Red River has its source in several lakes situated on the high land in the state of Minnesota, other lakes in the immediate neighborhood of these being the sources of the Mississippi, running south to the Gulf of Mexico, and others again being drained by the St. Louis, which, running west to Lake Superior, is in fact one of the principal affluents of the great St. Lawrence. So closely contiguous are the head waters of these three great hydrographic systems, that surveys have been made with a view to unite them all into one magnificent internal navigation, which would thus connect the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Arctic Ocean. The plateau in which they all take their rise is by no means mountainous, the summit level of the canal would only be twelve hundred feet above the sea level, and the length of artificial channel to construct would be but sixty-three miles, to connect an available navigation of over twenty thousand miles already in use on the three great fluvial systems of the continent.

The Red River of the North, the least developed of the three, issues primarily from Elbow Lake, in the west of Minnesota, one of this lacustrine group, running at first in a south-west direction through a beautiful chain of lakes disposed on the stream, like beads upon a string, until it receives the waters of the Sioux Wood River, the outlet of Lac Traverse, the united course of the two being then generally north till it empties its muddy waters into the basin of Lake Winnipeg, where its four outlets are rapidly creating a series of deltas, the increase of which in the future bids fair to interfere with the navigation of this important inland sea. The course of the Red River is extremely tortuous, so that its estimated length of six hundred and sixty-five miles is more than double the distance between its source and its mouth in a direct line, and of this total length five hundred miles is in the United States, where it forms the dividing line between Minnesota and Dakota. At the new town of Winnipeg, the capital of the British province of Manitobah, halfway between the international boundary and the outlet of the Red River, the Assiniboine, which is wholly in Canada, comes in from the west, having a length of six hundred miles, of which three hundred are navigable, whilst other affluents to both make up altogether a length of over two

thousand miles of large-sized rivers, of which half is navigable for steamboats.

From causes which it is unnecessary to particularize, an immense immigration last year set in to this favored district. Minnesota has long been known as probably the best wheat-growing district in the United States, and its progress, especially along the waters of the upper Mississippi and its branches, has been most marvelous; but the difficulty of access to the Red River, and its distance, have so far been a drawback either to settlers getting into the country or agricultural products coming out. The Northern Pacific Railway, commencing at the western extremity of Lake Superior, and intended ultimately to reach the Pacific Ocean, became involved in financial embarrassment, and ultimately broke down at the commencement of the present depression in business, but luckily not before the section from Lake Superior to the Red River was nearly completed. Another equally unfortunate railway, the St. Paul and Pacific, had opened for traffic before its collapse, a communication between St. Paul, already included in the railway system of the continent, and the Northern Pacific, giving between them a continuous but somewhat indirect communication between St. Paul, the enterprising capital of Minnesota, and the then little appreciated Red River. This was in 1873. Since then Canada has established a firm government in the province of Manitobah; the city of Winnipeg has sprung up from an Indian post of the Hudson's Bay Company to be a nicely-built town of eight thousand inhabitants; steamers have been introduced into the two rivers that unite their waters at her wharves; and since last year a daily line of steamers offers a continuous steam communication between Winnipeg the British, and St. Paul the American, capital of these respective provinces, superseded in November last by a continuous railway, four hundred and sixty miles long, between the two cities. Besides the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul and Pacific Railways, several other similar corporations in the states of Minnesota and Dakota have been subsidized by the United States government, with large grants of public lands to aid them in the construction of their respective undertakings. These railway lands have generally been given in alternate blocks or townships of six miles square, so that each railway block is surrounded on each side by government land, which on certain and generally very easy terms can be acquired by actual settlers.

Both the government and the companies have opened offices in different sections, and a regular departmental establishment to regulate the disposal of these lands, and the railways, by advertisement and other inducements, have spared no exertions to draw attention to the domain which they are anxious to dispose of. There is little doubt that to this joint system of ownership and land selling the rapid peopling of the north-western states of the Union has been principally due. But the present immigration, especially perhaps to Minnesota, is utterly unparalleled in the history of any of these States, and it is accompanied by a rush for railroad and public lands beyond any precedent. The offices of the Northern Pacific, the St. Paul and Sioux City, and other railways with land to dispose of, are daily crowded with applicants for the purchase of these new wheat-fields, whilst the government offices are literally besieged by claimants under the homestead and pre-emption laws, in a manner surpassing all previous experience, even of the great immigration rush from 1854 to 1857. The railways have been compelled to alter and increase their train accommodation to supply the new demands made upon them for travelling, and to extend and improve their locomotive and other facilities to satisfy the requirements of a new and unprepared-for traffic.

This influx of people began about October of 1877, just after the magnificent harvest of that year had been gathered, and the despondency which had weighed over the farming interests in consequence of several successive locust visitations had been followed by a reactionary feeling of hope and confidence. During the three months ending the 30th of November 1877, the different land-offices of the United States government in Minnesota disposed of 429,467 acres, and more than three-fifths of the whole sales of the year were in the four months ending the 31st of December, the total sales during that period being three times as much as in the corresponding months of the preceding year. Besides the government sales of the three months specified, the railway companies sold in the same time 539,136 acres of land in Minnesota and Dakota, this being exclusive of the Winona and St. Peters Railway, which made no return. In all, over a million acres of land were appropriated to actual settlers in the two Red River states in these three months, and most of it in the immediate watershed of that river.

The winter, mild as it was, proved unfavourable for land hunting and exploring, but

the tide of immigration still flowed, though with diminished volume, till March 1878, when it rose again to a flood, the extent of which still increasing bids fair to overshadow all previous immigration movements, and to revolutionize the position and importance of these north-western states. For the three months ending April 1, 1878, the sales of the undermentioned land-offices in western Minnesota were as follows:—

	Entries	Acres
Worthington	542	66,061
Benson	1,029	141,619
New Ulm	696	86,696
Redwood Falls	535	68,605
Detroit	575	83,512
Fergus Falls	394	59,722
	3,771	497,215

The land office in Dakota, on the Northern Pacific Railway, just across the Red River boundary, alone disposed of three hundred and fifty thousand acres in these three months, usually the dullest season of the year. The general summary for the quarter ending March 31, 1878, in this district of Minnesota, was as follows:—

	Acres
Sales by Northern Pacific Railway .	119,300
“ St. Paul and Pacific	120,356
“ St. Paul and Sioux City, about	56,000
“ Western Minnesota Land-Offices	497,215
“ Fayo Land Office, estimated . . .	415,000
	1,207,871

These actual sales in the first three months of this year do not include purchases of large tracts by colonies under contract or in course of negotiation, and exclusive of these, which have been very large, the sales of the seven months ending March 31, 1878, by the United States government, and the railways in Minnesota and northern Dakota, have been about two million five hundred and fifty thousand acres for actual and immediate settlement.

To throw further light upon this marvellous movement and to explain more forcibly than by dry figures the change that is taking place, the present position of the Northern Pacific Railway may be taken as an illustration. It is nearly three years since the collapse of the well-known banking-house of Jay Cooke and Co., the financial agents of the Northern Pacific, led to the bankruptcy and complete stoppage of all works of construction on that unfortu-

nate line of road. The preference stock of the railway, the principal description of security on the market, became then valueless, there was no sale for it, and, although nominally quoted at ten cents in the dollar, it was useless to offer it in the market. The land sales of the railway are now made principally for this preferred stock, which the company accept at par in purchase of their land. In 1877 they sold 270,996 acres at a little over 1*l*. sterling per acre, nearly all of which was paid for in this scrip, and in the first three months of 1878 119,300 acres have been sold to two hundred and thirty purchasers at from 16*s*. to 30*s*. per acre; but the scrip in the mean time appreciated considerably in value, and in the middle of 1878 could scarcely be bought at twenty per cent. of its face value. The effect of this sudden demand for the securities of the road, and the increased traffic brought upon it, revived this till lately stagnant enterprise. The influence is being felt in every pulse of social and commercial life, values are advancing, trade has revived, money is plentiful, energy and confidence are being restored. In 1871 there was scarcely a settlement along its route either in Dakota or the Red River valley. In 1872 the road was partially opened, its business being the transportation of supplies to its own employes, materials for the extension of the road, and for the wants of the few pioneer settlers who followed on the heels of the construction parties. At the close of the sixth year of its existence, after laboring under all the embarrassments of its failure and suspension, and the stagnation of business all over the country, the whole aspect of its affairs brightened, the district it traverses is enlivened by the influx of settlers, whose houses, stores, schools, churches, and other appliances of civilized life are dotting the surface in all directions, and during the past year a quarter of a million acres of land have been opened for cultivation, and sixty-five thousand souls have been brought into the country, to which hundreds are being added every day. The general business of the road is being increased and developed in corresponding proportion, and during the first quarter of 1878 the traffic, which in 1877 produced \$78,717, increased to \$139,319, or seventy-seven per cent., whilst the passengers rose in number from 4,298 to 10,746, showing an increase of one hundred and fifty per cent. The experience of other railways in the same district is similar. The St. Paul and Pacific, which is a north and south line,

opened recently their branch to St. Vincent, the American border town opposite to Emerson on the British side, this line with the Pembina Branch of the Canadian Pacific forming the through international route between Winnipeg and St. Paul. The announcement that this line would be opened in November last produced a rush for land in that direction, and during the first three months of 1878 73,960 acres were sold on the branch in addition to 44,356 on the main line. This land sold for an average of 26*s*. per acre, the receipts from this source having been nearly 150,000*l*., which has been almost sufficient for the expenses in constructing and equipping the railway. The income from traffic during the same three months was \$41,660 in 1877, and nearly \$70,000 last year, and the receipts from both sources are not only enabling these companies to push on the extension of these railways, but to wipe out their old indebtedness.

So much for the American side: enormous as the influx of immigrants and the development of northern Minnesota have been, it is nothing to what is now going on in Manitobah across the Canadian boundary. This rush could only take place on the opening of navigation, but as soon as the season opened, it was estimated that the influx of immigration added about four hundred persons per day to the population of the province. In 1876, the total sales of land to 807 settlers were 153,535 acres; in 1877, the sales to 2,283 applicants amounted to 400,423 acres; and to the 31st of October, 1877, the total land sales in the province from its commencement amounted to 1,392,368 acres to 8,648 applicants. In April of 1878 the Emerson land-office alone disposed of 52,960 acres, and in the first week of May 30,400 acres were appropriated. Emerson is on the American boundary immediately north of the line, and about seventy miles south of Winnipeg, which is the principal land-office for the Dominion. From the influx of population and the rate of sales just referred to, it appears that about three million acres of wheat land were allotted last year to actual settlers in this province of Canada alone, and when the rail communication is complete the rush of immigration and the rapid breaking up of the land into cultivation bid fair to be something beyond all previous experience.

Another most important point is the character of the immigration now going on, and this again shows a marked difference and improvement upon former years. Most of the new-comers are not the idlers

and poverty-stricken offscourings of Europe, but well-to-do farmers from the older states and settlements, from northern Iowa, from Wisconsin, and other of the newer states of the Union, but old in comparison to this; from Canada, and especially from the best parts of Ontario, and from the richest and most fertile districts of the older provinces. These are men principally who have sold their old farms at high prices, who are accustomed to pioneer life, and who have brought their experience and the families they have raised in the old homestead to these newer fields, possibly to go again further west when these lands are reclaimed from the wilderness and brought into good cultivation. Nearly all of the new arrivals are of a class far in advance of the immigration of former years, and they include a great number of men with capital and experience who are going into western farming with all modern appliances and ample means as the most promising speculation of the day. The dominant nationalities settling on the Minnesota farms are Americans, Scandinavians, and Canadians in about equal proportions. The Americans are nearly all from southern Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois, all wheat-growing districts, and many of these settlers were pioneers in those states when these lands were new and unknown, who have sold the farms they originally made out of the prairie for twenty-five or thirty dollars per acre, and, moving to this new north-west with the money and experience they have accumulated, are buying land at from one-fifth to one-tenth of the price they have received for their old place, and will make in five or six years farms twice as valuable as those they have left.

The secret of all this is the knowledge, that seems to have been only lately arrived at, that farming is profitable, and that it pays to "make land." Farming is less exposed to vicissitudes than any ordinary business, and the depression, when it comes, is less disastrous and more easily evaded. There is really no better investment than wheat-raising, and a prairie farm once brought under cultivation will always have a surplus, however disastrous external matters may be. Capitalists now going into these large farming speculations have gone into it after careful calculation as a business that offers the very best return for their money, and a certainty that at least there will be no bad debts; that nature, however she may occasionally disappoint an over-sanguine speculator, will average all right, and that the surplus after

any partial failure will still net something tangible, the principal being always intact and the interest tolerably secure. The experience of some sharp experimenters on the St. Paul and Sioux Railway lands in large blocks, say from six hundred to three thousand acres, is, that a crop of No. 1 hard Minnesota wheat can be got into the railway elevators at a cost of from \$7.50 to \$8.50 dollars (say under 2*l.* sterling) per acre, including fall ploughing, seed-sowing, harvesting, thrashing, hauling to the railway, depreciation of land and machinery, wear and tear, and interest on capital employed. Ten bushels of wheat at seventy-five to eighty-five cents per bushel pays, therefore, all these expenses, and twenty bushels more per acre (which is still under the general production from the first crop) pays for the land, preliminary expenses, and the breaking up of the prairie ready for the farming operations that follow. Thus thirty bushels to the acre of the first crop clears all outlay up to that time, returns the capital invested, and leaves a first-rate fenced farm in a high state of cultivation for succeeding agricultural employment. All over thirty bushels is a profit after capital and interest have been restored, the farm paid for and made within a year; and yet this land produces often forty and fifty bushels to the acre, leaving 2*l.* and 3*l.* per acre profit over all expenses and outlay both for capital and revenue. Where else is there a business that in twelve months repays all advances of its purchase and establishment, and leaves as a profit a money return and plant worth four times the original outlay? It is this enormous profit that is bringing so many heavy capitalists into the ranks of this novel immigration and inducing men who have already worked themselves into a good position to abandon for a time the amenities of a settled life, and embark once more in pioneer farming. A number of farms in all the districts alluded to broke up last year from five hundred to one thousand acres of land, and the Northern Pacific Company alone expected that not less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of wheat would be gathered, and that that quantity will be at least doubled during the present season. Instances are numerous of large profits being made in wheat farming. A Mr. Dalrymple is quoted in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* as having had in 1877 eight thousand acres under wheat, which yielded him all round twenty-five bushels to the acre, or over two hundred thousand bushels. His total outlay for seed, cultivation, harvesting, and threshing, was

under 2*l*. per acre, leaving him a margin of over 3*l*., or 24,000*l*. on his eight thousand acres. Last year he had twelve thousand acres under cultivation, and all in wheat. This was in Minnesota; but north of the Canadian line they get a much larger yield than this, and in twenty-seven miles along the Assiniboine River in 1877 over four hundred thousand bushels were harvested that averaged considerably over thirty bushels to the acre. In the north-western provinces of Canada wheat often produces forty and fifty bushels to the acre, while in south Minnesota twenty bushels is the average crop, in Wisconsin only fourteen, in Pennsylvania and Ohio fifteen. The fact established by climatologists that the cultivated plants yield the greatest products near the northernmost limit at which they grow, is fully illustrated in the productions of the Canadian territories; and the returns from Prince Albert and other new settlements on the Saskatchewan show a yield of forty bushels of spring wheat to the acre, averaging sixty-three pounds to the bushel, whilst one exceptional field showed sixty-eight pounds to the bushel, and another lot of two thousand bushels weighed sixty-six pounds, producing respectively forty-six and forty-two and one-half pounds of dressed flour to the bushel of wheat. In southern latitudes the warm spring develops the juices of the plants too rapidly. They run into stalk and leaf, to the detriment of the seed. Corn maize, for example, in the West Indies runs often thirty feet high, but it produces only a few grains at the bottom of a spongy cob too coarse for human food.

Whatever be the cause, the ascertained results in this new north-west seem to prove that its soil possesses unusually prolific powers. In 1877 carefully prepared reports were made by thirty-four different settlements, and although lessened in many cases by circumstances local and exceptional — as, for instance, a series of very heavy rain-storms which caught the wheat just as it was ripening — the yields per acre were: of wheat, from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels, with an average of thirty-two and a half; barley, from forty to fifty, average forty-two and one-half; oats, forty to sixty, average fifty-one; peas averaged thirty-two and one-half, potatoes two hundred and twenty-nine, and turnips six hundred and sixty-two bushels per acre. Individual cases were enumerated of one hundred bushels of oats per acre, barley as high as sixty bushels, and weighing from fifty to fifty-five pounds per bushel. Potatoes have yielded as high as six hun-

dred bushels to the acre, and of a quality unsurpassed, as are all the root-crops. Turnips have yielded one thousand bushels to the acre, seven hundred being common, whilst cabbage, cauliflower, and celery grow to an enormous size and of excellent quality and flavor.

Having now glanced at the immigration that is taking place into this new district as to its extent and character, and got an insight into its agricultural capabilities per acre, let us try to arrive next at an idea of the size of this territory, which but nine years since was the property of "the Company of Adventurers of England trading into the Hudson's Bay," and whose charter, granted in 1669 to Prince Rupert and nineteen other gentlemen, made them despotic rulers over half a continent on the easy terms that two elks and two black beavers should be paid to the sovereign whenever he should come into the district. This enormous territory thus easily disposed of, and the value of which for agricultural and mining purposes is unsurpassed, the last and best acquisition of the Dominion of Canada, comprises, as near as can be calculated, two million nine hundred and eighty-four thousand square miles, whilst the whole of the United States south of the international boundary contains two million nine hundred and thirty-three thousand six hundred square miles. Including the older portions of Quebec, Ontario, and the maritime provinces, Canada measures 3,346,681 square miles, whilst all Europe contains three million nine hundred thousand. Well may the *Times*, in reviewing Lord Dufferin's speech at Winnipeg (November 28, 1877), say:—

We have hitherto had scarcely any notion at all of British America in the full sense of the terraqueous region between the Atlantic, the Pacific, the United States, and the Arctic. In the maps it looks all a mere wilderness of rivers and lakes, in which life would be intolerable, and escape impossible. The succession of enormous distances and strange surprises through which Lord Dufferin takes his hearers reads more like a voyage to a newly discovered satellite than one to a region hitherto regarded simply as the rag-end of America and a waste bit of the world.

The late Hon. William Seward, at that time prime minister of the United States, thus writes his impressions of Canada:—

Hitherto, in common with most of my countrymen, as I suppose, I have thought Canada a mere strip lying north of the United States, easily detached from the parent State, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ulti-

mately, nay right soon, to be taken on by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own development. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in its wheat-fields of the West, its invaluable fisheries, and its mineral wealth, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire.

In the very centre of this great dominion of Canada, equidistant from the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean, and midway in the other direction between the Atlantic and Pacific, lies the low depression of Lake Winnipeg, three hundred miles long, fifty to sixty miles wide — the future Black Sea of Canada. Its shape is roughly a parallelogram lying north and south; at three of its four corners it receives the waters of a large river, the main trunk of a hundred smaller ones; at the remaining north-east angle, a fourth and larger river, the Dardanelles of the system, conveys the accumulated waters of nearly a million square miles into Hudson's Bay. This Lake Winnipeg receives the drainage of the future wheat-field of the world. The Red River of the North, with its affluents, the Assiniboine, the Qu'Appelle, the Red Lake River, the Souris, and a score of others, discharges its waters into it through the grass-covered deltas at the south-west angle. At the south-east, and only twenty-five miles distant along the shores of the lake, the large, impetuous river, which gives its name to the freshwater sea into which it rushes, pours its wild, majestic flood from the Lawrencian highlands which separate the waters of Lake Superior and the affluents of the St. Lawrence from those that seek Lake Winnipeg. In Lord Dufferin's speech at the capital of Manitobah, he describes so felicitously this noble river that any more meagre description than his appears almost presumptuous. After describing the route of the traveller from Lake Superior up the Kamanistaguia, over the height of land, down the beautiful Rainy River into the lovely Lake of the Woods —

For the last eighty miles of his voyage [he says] he will be consoled by sailing through a succession of land-locked channels, the beauty of whose scenery, whilst it resembles, certainly excels, the far-famed Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. From this lacustrine paradise of sylvan beauty we are able at once to transfer our friend to the Winnipeg, a river whose existence in the very heart of the continent is in itself one of nature's most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its rocky banks, its tufted islands; so broad, so deep, so fervid

is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansions, and the tremendous power of their rapids.

The Winnipeg, in its short but picturesque course of one hundred and twenty-five miles from the Lake of the Woods, falls five hundred feet, and, though not navigable in consequence for steamers, was for over two centuries the route by which all the trade of the interior continent was conducted by the great fur companies from and to their depots at Mackinaw and Montreal. The Lake of the Woods itself is a noble expanse of water, and with its two thousand islands offers some lovely places for settlement. At the outlet to the river an Icelandic colony has been lately formed, and its Indian name Keewatin has been attached now to the whole province, which covers the area between the old province of Ontario and Manitobah, the pioneer of the new western provinces. From Keewatin village the Pacific Railway is fast approaching completion to Winnipeg, one hundred and thirteen miles, and a large side-wheel steamer will meet the railway when it strikes the Lake of the Woods, and continue the communication, going east through the lake and Rainy River to Alberton, one hundred and twenty miles from Keewatin. Here the government are now constructing a dam and locks, which when complete will extend the navigation eighty miles further, through Rainy Lake to the Sturgeon Falls of its main affluent. Between Alberton and Lake Superior the different navigable reaches and lakes have been supplied with altogether ten small steamers, which, connected by good roads, form what is called the Dawson Route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, by which emigrants from Canada have found their way into the territories of the north-west. This is the body of water that falls into the south-eastern angle of Lake Winnipeg. Passing now to the north-west corner of the same island reservoir, the mouths of the two rivers being diagonally across the lake, about two hundred and seventy-five miles apart, we find another great river, the Danube of North America, stretching its long twofold channel, each one thousand miles in length, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains of the West. This is the Saskatchewan, whose two arms or branches, rising not very far asunder in the great backbone of the continent, gradually diverge until the distance between them is over three hundred miles, and then converging up finally join at a point seven hundred and seventy-three miles from the

source of the north branch, and eight hundred and ten by the south branch, from whence the united stream runs two hundred and eighty-two miles to its debouchure into Lake Winnipeg, making the total length from the lake ten hundred and fifty-four miles by one branch, and ten hundred and ninety-two by the other, to their sources in the Rocky Mountains. Both these rivers run their whole length through the prairie land of the north-west, and it is from isolated settlements on these rivers, such as Prince Albert and Carlton, that the largest returns of agricultural yields have been made. Both rivers are navigable throughout, excepting the three and a half miles near the mouth, where the river passes over rapids and falls of a total height of forty-four feet into the lake. Last year the Hudson's Bay Company constructed a tramway four miles long to overcome these obstructions, and they also placed a steamer, the "Northcote," at the head of this tramway, which during the season made five double trips from the Grand Rapids to Carlton, five hundred and fifty miles, and one trip up to Edmonton, over one thousand miles from the lake along the north branch. Last season a second steel steamer was placed on the river, and during the year the navigation of both branches was thoroughly tested. The two Saskatchewan drain what is especially known as the "fertile belt," containing not less than ninety million acres of as fine wheat land as can be found in any country.

Such are the three main rivers that pour their accumulated waters into Lake Winnipeg, all of them of a size and capacity which in Europe would class them as first-class rivers. Their united length, with their most important affluents, is not less than ten thousand miles, of which certainly four thousand are available for steam navigation. The outlet of this magnificent and comprehensive water system is the large but little-known Nelson, which, issuing from the north-east angle of the lake, discharges its surplus waters into Hudson's Bay. This river — broad, deep, first-class in every respect — may have probably an important bearing on the future prospects of all this northern section of America. Lake Winnipeg is seven hundred feet above ocean level; as far as known the Nelson has neither rock, nor shoal, nor excessive rapid to interfere with its navigation by properly constructed steamers. Its even, gradual slope of twenty inches to the mile is not more than is constantly and

safely worked on other American rivers. The Upper Missouri and Yellowstone, with far worse water to contend with, were constantly navigated in 1877 by twenty-seven steamers; whilst the old Danube at its Iron Gate has water quite as strong to contend with, and not half the breadth and depth of water for a vessel to pick her way in. The question remains to be solved whether this river is really available or not for ocean steamers to work through to the lake above, and, if not, whether the lake steamers can be trusted to bring their cargoes down with a certainty of being able to reascend again. The outlet of Nelson River on salt water forms itself a fine natural safe harbor, a mile wide, and with any depth of water. It is called Port Nelson, and not very far from it is the old York Factory, for a long time the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, and from which, for the last two hundred years, from two to five vessels have annually sailed for England, and not unfrequently under the convoy of a man-of-war. Port Nelson, although situated in 93° of west longitude, in the very heart of the continent, *is eighty miles nearer to Liverpool than New York is*. For four certainly, probably for five, months in the year it is as clear of ice as any other of the North Atlantic ports. There is no question about its accessibility for ordinary ocean steamers from June to October, and it only remains to be proved whether these same vessels cannot force their way up the great Nelson River, and load their cargoes directly at the mouth of the Saskatchewan, the Red River, or the Winnipeg, in the very centre and heart of this great wheat-field of the north-west, where two hundred million acres now await the advent of the farmer to be rapidly brought into cultivation.

At the present rate of immigration and the rapid reclamation of this easily cultivated land, it is by no means unlikely that within the next two years two million acres of this prairie will be under wheat cultivation, and this probably will be doubled within five years from the present time. This means an addition to the wheat products of the world of one hundred million bushels, which may be increased almost indefinitely. The exports of all America to the United Kingdom from the 11th of September, 1877, to the 11th of May, 1878 — that is, the eight shipping months — from Boston, New York, Montreal, and all eastern and Canadian ports, and from San Francisco to the 2nd of the month, were as follows: —

Flour . . .	1,427,584 barrels
Wheat . . .	44,516,823 bushels
Maize Corn . . .	45,312,427 "

which, with some other cereals, may be put down as equal to one hundred million bushels, an amount which, large as it is, is not more than may be expected within the next few years to be the annual production of this new wheat-field of the Winnipeg watershed. Even last year the volume of cereals going forward was considerably more than the ordinary quantity. From the 1st of January 1878 the receipts and shipments of grain at the principal western depots were fifty per cent. in advance of those for the same period last year, and the most noticeable increase was in wheat, which was more than doubled in quantity.

The corn export of Russia during 1877, notwithstanding the closing of the southern ports, amounted to 188,625,000 bushels, or 42,567,000 more than in 1876. The large increase was in shipments from the Baltic, which were 94,387,000 in 1877 against 57,724,000 in 1876. This is the largest yield from Russia for some years, but it is only the product of four per cent. of the Winnipeg wheat-field.

The total importation of wheat has not averaged for the whole of the United Kingdom, reducing flour to its equivalent of wheat, more than one hundred million bushels per annum — the produce of only four million acres of this land, the sales only of six months in the Red River valley alone. The influence of the opening up of this new district cannot but have, therefore, a most important effect upon the supply of the English market; it will make the mother country entirely independent of foreign supply, and it is to be hoped that it will form another bond that shall draw more closely together the many ties that already lock Great Britain to her largest and most promising colony.

T. T. VERNON SMITH.

From All The Year Round.

A NEW CALEDONIAN RISING.

THE French, as everybody knows, have not followed our lead in giving up transportation. On the contrary, since the Commune, they have deported — as they call it — a great many more *mauvais sujets* and *suspects* to New Caledonia than even their last emperor sent to Cayenne and Lambessa. It was supposed that from a lonely island in the South Pacific there could be no escape, and though several of

the most notable Communards did get away, a good many seem to have remained whom the New Caledonian authorities could very well have spared. Not that the deported Communards have tried to establish a republic of their own; if they did try, the French have, as they usually do, kept the affair very close. Indeed, the first news of the native war of which we are going to give a few details, came to the startled Parisians through an English paper. The deported are numerous enough: nearly four thousand condemned to mere deportation, which obliges them to live in a fortified place; close upon six thousand convicts; and about thirteen hundred ticket-of-leave men. To keep these in check there are nearly four thousand soldiers, warders, turnkeys, etc.; and then there are some two thousand eight hundred settlers, and it is supposed nearly seventy thousand natives.

These natives are a good deal like what the Tasmanians were till we and our brandy had exterminated them — fierce, intelligent, not at all inclined to give up land or other property without a struggle. Our treatment of the Tasmanians is by no means a credit to modern civilization. We filled the land with convicts, many of them of the worst class, and when by their brutal misconduct they had goaded on the natives to war, we employed them in crushing out the black man. The French are playing exactly the same game. They look forward quite coolly to the speedy extermination of the seventy thousand, and say: "We must treat them as Great Britain has treated the aborigines of Australia and Van Diemen's Land." It is a humiliating confession. Can no way be discovered of dealing with natives except by improving them off the face of the earth? If so, we had better admit that colonization, like dyeing the Tyrian purple, is one of the lost arts; the Romans must have had something which we have not, for they managed to make tolerable Roman citizens of a good many natives who were almost as unpromising to begin with as the Tasmanians. Surely, with our Christianity, we ought to be able to do better instead of worse than they did. As we said, the Communards and ticket-of-leave men of New Caledonia do not seem to have attempted much against the officials; their energies were directed to the natives, on whom they endeavored to force their principles in a very unpalatable way. Communism in Europe may or may not mean a community of wives, but out there the ticket-of-leaves, having no wives of their

own, "took them wives of whom they would;" and not content with one wife, they changed them when they liked. It is bad enough to have your land taken away by an interloping white fellow, who can kill you with a lightning-flash at a distance to which no human arm can hurl either spear or throw-stick; but when the same white fellow also walks off with your wife or daughter, and by-and-by turns her away for somebody else's, blowing out your brains with his lightning-tube if you attempt an energetic protest, why things have come to a pass as unbearable to a New as it would have been to an Old Caledonian. Even Galgacus, when he made that grand speech to his woad-stained braves on the slopes of the Grampians, could not allege wrongs of this kind. Roman generals occasionally forgot themselves; Boadicea and her daughters were shamefully treated; but such treatment was the exception. Here in New Caledonia every "mean white"—and natives soon find out who's who—every "good conduct" convict behaved as the very worst of Turkish agas would not have ventured to behave in a Bulgarian village. At last the natives broke out. A man called Chêne, a ticket-of-leave employed as local policeman, was killed last June with a stone hatchet, he and his native wife and two children. Several years before, Chêne had taken a native wife, the mother of his children; but growing tired of her he had driven her off, and had selected a young lady of birth and accomplishments out of the Dogny tribe. The Dognies warned him to take care what he was about, but he laughed in their faces; and so they tried to rouse the rest of the tribes, most of which had some similar outrage to complain of, and to form a confederacy for driving the pale-faces into the sea. Happily for the French, the Dognies, getting impatient, began the war on their own account. Chêne's murderers were captured and locked up, but the prison was attacked, the gendarmes tomahawked, and the prisoners set free. Then came another massacre, at a place called Foa, which included twenty-one victims, including settlers, convicts, ticket-of-leaves, native women, and blacks from the New Hebrides.

The New Caledonian method of warfare is not to be imitated. Bands of ten or a dozen visit lone houses, and ask for a light for a pipe or a drink of water. While their wants are being supplied, they either shoot their hosts down with revolvers, or split their skulls with waddies or stone axes. One settler, Percheron, was

an exception to the rule which we said holds of most of the ticket-of-leaves: he had a white wife. One day she was at home with her child whilst he was out about the bullocks. In walked a black fellow, who had been employed some time before on the farm, and asked for something to eat. "I've nothing to give you but some tea," said madame; and while she was putting on the kettle, her guest felled her with a stone axe. Soon after, her husband, coming back, saw the black man gathering the linen that was put to bleach on the grass. He thought madame had given the native a job; but, on walking in, he found her lying half dead. Of course he rushed out in pursuit, but the murderer had run off. Madame actually managed to "ride and tie" with her babe and husband some twelve miles to the place where the packet-boat between Ourail and Noumea calls once a week. In this way they carried the ill news to the capital, for telegraphic communication was stopped; the telegraph-clerk having been shot dead while he was in the middle of a message to Noumea to the effect that all the thickly-peopled district of Boulapari was being ravaged by blacks.

It was everywhere the same; one commandant of a small station saw his two men, his wife, and two children killed before his eyes. Armed with a sabre and a revolver, he despatched eight of his assailants, and kept the rest at bay. They then set fire to the place; and when he rushed out, to avoid being burned to death, they clubbed him and left him for dead. Savage warfare is much the same all the world over. During their former risings, 1861-8, the New Caledonians managed to kill, not only a great many colonists, but the crews of at least two vessels, one of which they overpowered within sight of a sloop of war. Their boldness was as desperate as that of the Zulus; they even came within two hundred yards of Noumea, and falling in with a squad of marines, fifty of them fell upon the Frenchmen, and began a hand-to-hand tussle. After a fearful struggle they were beaten off, but on their retreat they surprised an outlying depot of provisions, plundered it, and killed the garrison of ten men. This war was brought to an end in 1868 by the death of the most turbulent chiefs, and there was perfect peace for ten years, until men like Chêne made it impossible for the natives to keep quiet.

In their earlier struggles those slain by the blacks were generally eaten. "Man's flesh alone is the proper meat for heroes,"

is the only New Caledonian proverb on record; so, if any unfortunate Frenchman were caught outside a town or encampment, he ran the risk of being shot and carried off to make the *pièce de résistance* at a feast. If his slayers were disturbed, they just hung him on the nearest tree and made off into the bush. Cannibalism is less in vogue now; though when a native village situated, we are told, in a most lovely nest of verdure amid a mountain forest, was stormed, the French found a trophy built up of human bones, and in front of the chief's hut was a pole on which were set, Dyak fashion, three white men's heads.

Yet the record of this last war is not merely a string of horrors. We may believe that even a New Caledonian feels kindness and knows what gratitude is. A young man named Henri Bull (let us hope he is an Englishman) could speak the native language, and had treated the blacks somewhat like fellow-creatures. Not only was Bull safe from all attack, but he was able also to save a family of five who took refuge with him. In more than one case women and children were spared. A native woman, whom the French called Camelia, saw five gendarmes killed by a score of natives. The natives then burst into the fort where she was, and were just going to kill her when, as she afterwards expressed it, "I thought I'd ask them to spare my children." "Come along with us into the bush then," said they; and she went, along with another native woman who with her child had also been spared. The women escaped during an attack made by a party of French on their captors.

The people of Noumea completely lost their heads with terror. They had been living in such complete security; the natives seemed to have been finally crushed; Titema, almost the only surviving chief of any note, had come to live in Noumea, and might be seen strutting about in a cocked hat with an enormous feather, and a laced coat with huge epaulets, glad to take a glass with any one who cared for the new sensation of drinking the health of a cannibal; when, all of a sudden, the telegraph wires were cut, and men rode in, galloping for dear life, glad to save that though with the loss of all their worldly goods. It was rumored that the deported were rising, and would seize a ship in the roads and escape; and, worse still, that some convicts were fighting along with the blacks, and teaching them European tactics. All the ladies of the place went on board some trading

ships which happened to be in the harbor. The native police and native servants were a dreadful source of alarm: to keep them was a terrible risk, to send them away was to swell the enemy's ranks. Fortunately, Captain Olry, the governor, seems to have kept his presence of mind. He first brought in all the convicts from Nou Island off the port; he then cut off the leave of the deported, and kept them in close quarters, though the moment they heard of the rising they offered their services, and asked to be led against the enemy. The natives, police and others, were quietly drafted off one by one to Nou Island; and for the future it was determined that the black policemen should be chosen from the inhabitants of the Loyalty Isles. Besides the regular troops, a band of volunteers was soon formed; and, above all, forty squatters who could ride well did excellent staff duty, and moreover astonished the natives more than ten times the number of foot-soldiers could have done.

The rising seems to have been very partial. The tribes of Mont d'Or kept out of it, as well as those of Houailou and Ponnerichouen. The warriors of Canala, to the number of two hundred, were marched by the commandant of the district across the central ridge over to the scene of the rising. So sure of his men did this gentleman — Lieutenant Servan, of the French navy — feel, that he was not afraid to be alone for a couple of days with this band of armed natives. With him they were safe from the temptation to join their insurgent brethren, and, by fighting and burning villages, they soon made themselves more odious to the rebels than the white men themselves. New Caledonia, too, despite its high mountains, steep cliffs, and pathless forests, is not so good a place for a native rising as if it were broader. Long and narrow, it affords many landing-places, of which the commanders of French frigates and sloops were not slow to avail themselves; parties of sailors cut the native forces in two, and so dispirited them, that before long a good many tribes submitted, and the guillotine began to work instead of the chassepote. By-and-by, reinforcements came. A week after the news was known at Paris two companies of infantry and marines sailed from Saigon, and got to Noumea in thirty-two days, on the 19th of last August. Troops were also sent from France; and by the end of October, the French numbered three thousand six hundred and seventy men of all arms, and could reckon on as many again within a short time. They seemed to have no fear

of leaving their Cochín-Chinese colony almost bare of troops. The Annamites, they tell us, like them and their laws much better than they liked their native rulers. The climate is such that very few Frenchmen care to settle; and those who do find no difficulty in getting land without coming in collision with tribal rights. Moreover, there are plenty of Annamite young ladies whom their papas are delighted to sell to European husbands. It is to be hoped the price is high enough to keep polygamists like Chêne within due bounds.

And now, asks M. Planchut, the historian of the rising, in his "Revolt of the Kanakas," "What are we to do with the New Caledonians? They have reasons enough for hating us. During the ten years of peace they had seen the white man spreading and multiplying throughout the island. While Noumea was little better than a group of huts, they thought we should go as we came; but Noumea is now a big, well-built town, and everywhere they must feel themselves being gradually edged out. Then these ticket-of-leave men, having no hope of white wives, have roused the jealous savages to madness by enticing away their women. A looking-glass or a tinsel brooch is enough to captivate one of these *popinées*, as the French render the native word. The husband or father is naturally incensed; and, like so many other savages, he thinks all white men are tarred with the same brush, believes—in grandiose French phrase—in their solidarity, and so, if he can't kill the real offender, kills the first 'man of his tribe,'—i.e. fellow white—whom he meets."

Are we to exterminate them? says our author. They are not all bad fellows; and then he tells a story of Ataï, a chief, who was brought in before the governor, clad in a soldier's cap and nothing else. "I hear complaints of you, Ataï, from the chief of your arrondissement. If you don't behave better, I shall punish you severely. And, by-the-way, when the governor speaks to you, you ought to take off your cap." "You take off yours, and I'll take off mine," coolly replied Ataï; and M. Planchut is sure the governor must have admired his pluck, whatever answer he may have felt it right to make. It would be a sad thing, adds our author, to think there is nothing for it but to kill a thousand Kanakas or so for every white man who has fallen, and perhaps three or four thousand for Colonel Galley-Passebosc, who, riding up a hillock, though his native servants warned him danger was near, was killed by a shot from a chasse-

pot taken from a slaughtered gendarme. Two plans M. Planchut suggests, which will, at any rate, stave off the need of immediate extermination, and leave the Kanakas to that sort of euthanasia, or gradual dying out, which in these latter days seems the fate of natives even under the happiest conditions, when once the white man gets among them. The first is, to take possession of the New Hebrides, where there is plenty of land for the ticket-of-leave to settle on without robbing the native tribes. The next is, to send out plenty of white women. Why, he asks, should not female convicts of the better sort, instead of pining away in hopeless imprisonment, be transported where they can make some reformed burglar happy? He feels sure that family life, children all around, farm work, and other Arcadian accompaniments, will humanize those whom prison life keeps in chronic rebellion against society. He points out how well the thing has succeeded in Australia; how few of the best families out there are free from the taint of convict blood; what a useful member of society, in fact, a well-managed convict may become. The difficulty is that the settlers will naturally object to convict families all around them in such close quarters as a New Caledonian clearing. Well, then, says he, divide; put the ticket-of-leave over in the New Hebrides, and leave New Caledonia to the free settlers, the convicts, and those deported Communists, for keeping whom from spreading their firebrand doctrines all over Europe he thinks every civilized nation owes France a debt of gratitude. We hope the plan will be acted on, for otherwise we fear that as it was with the Tasmanians so it will be with the New Caledonian Kanakas. The struggle will go on till only a miserable remnant is left, which will be packed off to Nou Island, or the Isle of Pines, as the few remaining Tasmanians were to Flinders' Island. We hope, anyhow, the strife will not be disgraced with any of those horrible episodes which sicken us in the early history of Van Diemen's Land. Chêne was bad enough; but he was an angel compared with that English convict, who, employed in helping to fight the blacks, shot a native, and having cut off his head, hung it round his wife's neck, and then drove the wretched woman to his hut at the point of the bayonet. M. Planchut says: "This extermination of Australians by the English we cannot look at without repugnance;" he would use stronger language if he had read the details of the wars in

Tasmania. Meanwhile, what's the use of an Aborigines Protection Society? They don't seem able to protect any. The Yankees, we are told, put sacredly aside the native reserves; but they take care that close to the reserve of one tribe shall be that of another which is decidedly hostile to the first. Hence the reserves speedily lapse for want of inhabitants. Canon Kingsley used to comfort himself by calling all these natives rotting races, created to perish away before the white man. It is a happy thing for us that the old Romans didn't have that opinion of the Germans and the Britons.

From The Spectator.
OXYGEN IN THE SUN.

NEARLY two years ago, we had occasion to consider in these columns Dr. H. Draper's recognition of the bright lines of oxygen in the spectrum of the sun. At that time, doubts were expressed as to the validity of the evidence he had obtained. Some even went so far as to assert that no element in the sun can possibly show its presence by bright lines,—at least, not permanently. That hydrogen does so at times is admitted; but that oxygen or any other element should always do so, was regarded as impossible. Yet there are stars—as Gamma Cassiopeiæ, the middle star of the bright five which form the straggling W or (in some aspects) M of that constellation—in which the lines of hydrogen are permanently bright; and one can recognize no sufficient reason why the bands of oxygen in the solar spectrum should not be also always bright. Others considered the dispersive power of Dr. Draper's instrument insufficient, though his enlarged photographs were on half the scale of Angström's well-known normal spectrum, and were on a larger scale than the spectra from which Kirchhoff had originally demonstrated the presence of hydrogen, iron, sodium, magnesium, etc., in the sun. He has now removed this objection, however, by so increasing the power of his instrument as to obtain negatives as large as his former enlarged positives, and enlargements on such a scale that the entire spectrum on the same scale would be some eight or nine yards in length. He has also purified his spectra, by using what he calls a spark-compressor, taking the electric spark in air between two closely adjacent walls of soapstone, so that instead of being zig-zag in all directions,

its deviations are all limited to one plane, and the spark, as actually presented before the slit of the spectroscop, appears as a straight line. As with all these improvements, the coincidences remain as perfect as before, we may fairly admit that the evidence has been greatly strengthened,—not quite in the degree perhaps mentioned in the *Times* of Monday last (sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-five millionfold,) but still to a very noteworthy extent.

We do not wish to discuss here, however, the details of Dr. Draper's researches, but to consider some of the striking conclusions which his results appear to suggest. The view of the solar spectrum originally suggested by Kirchhoff was simply this,—that the glowing mass of the sun, whether consisting in the main of solid, liquid, or highly compressed vaporous matter, shines with all the tints of the rainbow, giving of itself a perfectly continuous spectrum; while the relatively cool vapors surrounding it absorb those rays over which they have power (the rays they absorb being in fact those which they are capable of emitting). Thus, the dark lines, or missing tints, indicate the presence of an absorptive vaporous envelope, exceedingly complex in structure. The dark lines of hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, iron, calcium, and several other elements were easily detected, and thus the presence of these elements in the gaseous envelopes of the sun was recognized. But even now, with all the advances which spectroscopists have made, as well in the study of the solar spectrum as in the investigation of the spectra of terrestrial elements, thousands of solar dark lines remain unidentified. In fact, with each increase in the severity of the spectroscopic scrutiny of the sun, the number of unidentified lines increases. When Kirchhoff first compared the spectrum of iron-vapor with that of the sun, sixty iron lines were known, and all were found (as dark lines) in the solar spectrum. Now, nearly five hundred iron-lines are known, and all are found in the solar spectrum. But the same increase of power which has enabled spectroscopists to identify some four hundred new iron-lines in the solar spectrum, has revealed many thousands of lines before unrecognized, and not a quarter of these have been identified with the bright lines of terrestrial elements.

But now the question arises whether the assumption that the bright background of the solar spectrum is a simple, continuous spectrum, a rainbow-tinted streak, such as

we get from a mass of metal at a white heat, was admissible, or even whether it was not, on the whole, as improbable an assumption as could have been made. Have we reason to suppose that, apart from the vaporous envelope surrounding what we call the sun—in other words, that particular part of a far vaster object which is limited by the bright surface of the photosphere—it is constituted so simply (as regards the condition of its multitudinous elements) as to give a simple, continuous spectrum? Have we not, on the contrary, most powerful reasons for adopting an entirely different opinion? That vast orb, containing more than three hundred thousand times as much matter as the earth, every part of which is acted on by centripetal forces far exceeding the force of gravity at the earth's surface, has a mean density scarcely exceeding one-fourth of the earth's. We cannot imagine that this small mean density is the same, or nearly the same, as the density of the sun's central regions. The central portions must have a far greater density, the outer portions, even to a depth of tens of thousands of miles below the visible surface, must have a far smaller density, than that mean density of the sun which yet very little exceeds the density of water. We have, however, further evidence of a very striking nature (as yet insufficiently considered by most astronomers) on this point. It has been shown by Mr. G. H. Darwin that the sun, if of uniform or nearly uniform density, should, at his actual rate of rotation, exhibit a compression which, though small, ought not to have escaped the processes of measurement constantly applied to the sun. It is true, the observations of the sun at Greenwich and other national observatories are not applied with the object of detecting any compression of the solar globe, if such compression existed; but they are none the less effective to that end. And it is certain that so utterly is all evidence of compression wanting, that on one occasion, when a careful amateur observer thought he had detected such evidence, the astronomer-royal remarked (and justly) that the apparent recognition of solar compression from a limited series of observations could only demonstrate the inexactness of the observations, so absolutely do the observations (practically unlimited in number) of professional astronomers demonstrate the absence of detectible compression. Now, Mr. Darwin further showed, by mathematical reasoning of a most satisfactory kind, that if the sun's

mass were very dense at the centre, then the observed absence of compression would result as a necessary consequence. Another line of evidence, pointing in the same direction, is even more striking, though some may not consider it equally satisfactory. The study of the earth's crust, and especially the careful comparison between the present processes of denudation and the observed traces of long-continued denudation in different parts of the earth, has shown that with the present amount of solar action (to which, of course, all processes of denudation are primarily due), some hundred millions of years would be required to have produced the observed features of the terrestrial strata. We are not necessarily bound to believe that the sun has been at work for a hundred millions of years, causing rain and snow to fall on the earth, winds to blow over her surface, and in other ways causing processes of denudation. He may have worked far more actively in remote times, and so have produced those effects in much less time. But that does not affect our present argument, which relates only to the work done by the sun, not to the time occupied by him in doing it. Now we find that even if the sun's present mass be supposed to have been originally spread through infinite space, and thence gathered in to occupy the space he now *seems* to occupy, in such sort, that is, as to form a globe of nearly uniform density some eight hundred and fifty thousand miles in diameter, the solar radiation resulting from that process of contraction would have only been equivalent to his present rate of emission continued for twenty millions of years, and would thus have fallen far short of the supplies of light and heat which we know he has poured upon the earth. Now, Croll gets over this difficulty by the theory that part of the sun's supply of light and heat was derived from the velocities with which two or more orbs came into collision to form the sun's present mass,—a theory wild in the extreme. We might as reasonably explain the small number of killed and wounded in a battle, by assuming that nine-tenths of the bullets encountered each other in mid-air between the two armies. But if we accept the evidence of the geologists, and there seems no way of escape in that direction, and if we admit, which also seems clear, that the bulk of the sun's radiation must be accounted for by processes of contraction which he has undergone in the past, then we arrive inevitably at the conclusion to which we have been already led

in other ways,—that his central regions are far denser, his outer portions far rarer, than his mass regarded as a whole. In other words, the process of contraction has gone much farther than had been supposed when the whole globe of the sun was regarded as of nearly uniform density. Adopting the conclusion thus arrived at by three independent lines of argument, we perceive that the sun's mass must probably be gaseous to a depth of many thousands of miles below the apparent surface.

His spectrum would thus come to be regarded as compounded of many gaseous spectra, forming a continuous but by no means uniform background. And Dr. Draper's discovery would seem to show that oxygen forms so important a constituent of this deep gaseous envelope around the real globe of the sun, as to give a spectrum standing out by its superior brightness from the rest of that continuous background.

IN PRAISE OF THE BLUE-BOTTLE.—An animal is wanted for the special purpose of destroying carrion, so as to prevent its becoming a nuisance. The creature appropriate for this purpose is a small worm, known as a maggot. But how are such worms to be exterminated, when a mass of putrid meat is to be disposed of? The difficulty is beautifully got over by sending a particular kind of big fly called a blue-bottle, that is entitled to rank as a scavenger-general. Instinctively, the blue-bottle discovers where its services are required. There it deposits eggs; the eggs very speedily become maggots, and the maggots make short work of eating up every scrap of the putrid mass. When that is done they cannot fly away. This, however, is provided for. They undergo a transformation into flies, and they set off in a flight for new substances requiring their attention. This is but a brief explanation of the process of transformation, which is various according to circumstances. It is sufficient to impress us with the fact that the creature referred to is in a sense two distinct animals. It has a flying life and a crawling life; or more correctly, while in its flying state, it can originate a host of crawling creatures admirably adapted for the design in view. In pursuing its professional avocations, the blue-bottle is far from being particular. It will as readily attack a joint of meat as a dead horse. Cooks, of course, have a detestation of blue-bottles, which they think are created only to torment them, and they would be glad to hear that they were exterminated off the face of the earth. This is being a little unreasonable. Blue-bottles have a right to live, if they can. No doubt, they make themselves very troublesome when by accident they find their way into a room, and keep buzzing on the window-panes. On these occasions they are to be pitied. They are trying to get out, with a view of performing their proper functions, and they should be let out accordingly. If they wish to go about their business, why not let them go by all means, and be thankful for the riddance? In short, though apt to be an annoyance, blue-bottles are sent for a good purpose. They have their appointed uses in creation, and for these uses, their structure,

while not displeasing to the eye, is admirably adapted. Look at their alacrity, their swiftness on the wing. Bees are very properly applauded for their industry. But we doubt if they are a whit more industrious than blue-bottles, for they are ever actively roaming about to "improve each shining hour," on their own proper mission, which is to remove what is unwholesome and unsightly. The merits of blue-bottles have been a little overlooked in literature. Heraldry has strangely neglected them. Should the fraternity of scavengers think of getting up a coat of arms, they might with great propriety adopt the blue-bottle as a crest. We know that cooks will never be reconciled to blue-bottles. All they have to do is to keep joints out of their reach.

Chambers' Journal.

DISTRIBUTION OF WORK TO A DISTANCE BY ELECTRICITY.—Several experiments have lately been made in France in transmission of work by means of two Gramme machines, one made to produce electricity by mechanical work, the other to do the opposite and restore the work. Exact data of such an experiment at Sermaize (Marne) have been published by M. Tresca. There is a Gramme machine in the sugar-works there, driven by a steam-engine at the rate of twelve hundred revolutions in a minute. This was connected by a copper wire or cable with a Gramme machine on a carriage at four hundred metres distance, and another Gramme machine two hundred and fifty metres further away; a commutator on the first carriage allowed of directing the current to work either machine as required. These secondary machines were caused to actuate drums with cables wound round them whereby ploughs of the double Brabant type were drawn in a field. An effective force of three-horse power was thus obtained. The first Gramme actuated by the current made eleven hundred and twenty-three turns in the minute, the second eight hundred and ninety. The current could also be applied to move the carriages on which the Gramme machines were conveyed.